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☞ FOR TERMS, SEE LAST PAGE. ☜

For the Watchman and Reflector.

RELIGION AMID SECULAR ACTIVITIES.

WILBERFORCE

"WHAT book is this?" said Wilberforce, casually taking up a small volume, on the eve of a journey to the continent.

"It is one of the best books ever written," replied his friend Milner; "let us take it with us and read it on our journey."

The other consented, and the book was carefully read. It was *Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion*. During this journey the eloquent Parliamentary member for the county of Yorkshire gave his attention to other subjects than pleasure and ambition. In his subsequent history we find most clearly defined the power, the struggles and the triumphs of the spiritual life. The change which passed upon his character at that period of early manhood to which we have referred, was far from being in its beginnings peculiarly striking or obvious. Nor does it appear to have been a strongly agitating or exciting process.—He himself calls it "a change of principles." It seems to partake more of the character of a change of one's principles of action, from the deliberate conclusions of reason, than from a strong and yearning perception of the things that are unseen. This "change of principles" he was conscientiously desirous of making known not only to his immediate relatives—his mother, his sister—but to his keen companions also. Not deeming it right or desirable to withdraw as an ascetic from the society of which he had been the favorite, he was sometimes, when he most meant to honor religion, drawn by the spell of social enjoyment rather to imbibe an influence than to impart it. This was in the infancy of his spiritual life; and the strength with which the temptation is combated, awakens in the reader of his memoir the strongest interest.—From the time when his religious convictions begin to be freely and feelingly expressed, we have indeed little doubt of their final triumph. The light shines so strongly and brightly, that we have small fear for the extinguishing of its rays, but it buffets with such furious waves, it breasts so tremendous a current, that it affords room for the exercise of the liveliest sympathy.

He stands, we have thought, as the representative of religion, surrounded by an enveloping atmosphere of worldliness both dense and bright; the former from its very excess, the latter from the elevated station which he sustained, and to which, while he received he also imparted lustre. Into this charmed circle he was ushered in early life, endowed not with talents merely, but with those peculiar modifications of genius which win their way directly to the heart. If his public manifestations of eloquence were wont to move and awe the British Parliament, his biographer has informed us that in its lesser exercise there lay a still deeper charm. In that "crowd of orators" others might well contest the palm of superior eloquence, but his conversational powers were unequalled. "The continual flashes of his wit, playing lightly over all he touched, the sports of a fervid imagination, sweetened by a temper naturally kind," gave an irresistible attraction to the circle of which he formed a part. And this most rare and beautiful gift of nature he devoted to the service of religion. We find him continually endeavoring to improve opportunities for that peculiar species of pious influence which became in his hands so powerfully influential. Now we find him deliberating on the intention of going to Windsor Castle, that he may seek for an opening for religious conversation with the members of the royal family, and now grieving that in an interview with Pitt he had allowed politics to engross both their minds, and then, the very next social interview with his great compeer, is devoted to a frank and free converse on topics decidedly spiritual. Again, the apprehension is expressed, and that so feelingly that each word seems a tear, that from the hilarity in which he has indulged, some thoughtless lovers of pleasure may think he is altogether in heart like themselves.

In these jottings down of his daily life we are permitted to see his inmost heart. A less symmetrical narrative we have, it is true, but we can scarce complain of it, it has so much soul.

Here, as we have already intimated, is religion amid the intense activities of life. "Not many mighty are called" to the peculiar privileges of Christianity. Few of public station espouse openly and with the heart the service of God, and in certain points the life of this follower of Jesus differs from the course of those who fulfil the duties of obscurer life. And yet we have thought it not so exceedingly dissimilar as might at first appear. The strifes of the arena or political warfare may involve more extensive results, but perhaps not deeper feelings than are called into exercise in smaller spheres. May not the exigencies, the toils, the anxieties of business, be as absorbing as the excitements of political life? And hence may not the inner life of Wilberforce serve as the exponent of the lives of many, not like him elevated to the care of a nation, but like him surrounded by labor and responsibility? The mind being constantly pressed up to the intensest degree of activity, how are the delicate blossomings of "the plant which the Father hath planted" torn and shivered in the blast which threatens to uproot and to destroy. Here seems to us the point of peculiar interest in the character of this servant of God: religion subsisting, actually growing in the soul, amid the bustling activities of life.

How hardly is time won for prayer, for meditation!—now the press of business, now the calls of Society, and now, freed for a brief season from all this, he tells us from the green shades of Wood Hall, that his hours of prayer are becoming less welcome from the love of literary pursuits. "Why," he plaintively asks, "do I leave with reluctance the chit-chat of Boswell's Johnson for the grateful offices of prayer and praise?" And how resolutely does he turn from this covert snare, and how soon do we find him in the exercise of "humble trust in the promises," and breathing the emotions of devout and holy worship!

A more instructive instance of the gradual development of the spiritual life, is rarely to be found.—Circumstances to which we have alluded give it a peculiar mental conformation, the charm of superior genius sets it in the most impressive light, the remembrance of his surpassing usefulness imparts to it a dignity which none can fail to acknowledge.

With respect to that great object which he regarded as his own peculiar mission, it has been said, and with much probability, that, at least in the earlier days of that most bitter and protracted struggle, the eloquent opponent of the slave trade believed, that if the traffic were but destroyed, slavery itself would cease. If this be so, we may well suppose that with no feelings of satisfaction would he contemplate its existence, especially in the western world, the favored home of freedom. And yet if this anticipation were a mistake at all, it was, in one point of view, but a partial one. The event so desired, so labored for during his life, may yet flow, in a measure, from his endeavors. For since his day, and in our own times, whenever one would give utterance to his soul's thoughts with respect to that black and hideous thing which deforms the fair surface of our own land, does he not find in the very name of Wilberforce a tower of strength and an ensign of hope? Does the argument, the eloquence that engrafted in the heart of the civilized world the one idea of the criminality of the slave trade upon the sea, lose its force when applied to the same trade on the land? If the negro, rent from his barbarian home, is a fitting object of compassion, is he less so, who, torn from his family, is sold away to some distant region? Does the fact that the one system of oppression is authorized by the law of a Christian land, and is surrounded by the refinements of civilized life, modify its aspect? Truly it does. The surrounding brightness most effectually reveals its deformity. The offspring of distant and dark ages, when *force* was the sole law of intercourse between nations and between men, it droops its crest forlornly, as if conscious of being in the world centuries too late.

But from a digression, which is nevertheless inwrought with the life of Wilberforce, we return.—Amid all the distractions of his public station, his cares, his social habits, his political connections, the divine principle evidently gains strength. The meditative faculty lays hold with a firmer grasp, a more continuous power upon the things that are unseen. The paths of the spiritual life open more broadly, and reveal vistas more extended.

He no longer complains that in the social circle of friends he rather becomes like them than wins them to be as himself. The strength of his matured piety, unlike its beginnings, rather leads the minds of others than submits his own to their guidance. The enigma of his character has come to be understood. His very silence is eloquent. His unspoken thoughts are, by worldly men, inferred to be of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come. Yet, though he has won for himself a good degree and great boldness in the faith, he has by no means parted with his own peculiar and beautiful individuality. That he is, when duty calls, a reprover of sin, has not effaced the serenity of his manner, or destroyed the inimitable suavity of his words, or dimmed the edge of his wit, or broken the wing of his imagination. He so perfectly retains the ardor, the cheerfulness of youth, that his friends are scarce conscious that he is changed. The effects of his daily devotional habits, as well as of those precious Sabbaths which, he says, "never fail to bring me to my senses," saved him from the malevolence of feeling engendered by seasons of public opposition and abuse. In the closet he gathers strength. In that sacred retreat he gains power to meet the responsible duties of "the representative of a tenth of England." Here, too, upon this hidden altar, he kindles that fervency of spirit which incites to duties emphatically Christian. At one time we find him visiting with deep and persevering interest a condemned convict at Newgate, and at another praying with a sick servant of the house where he is temporarily lodged. We catch another glance while he is making representations to Lord Castlereigh of the dreadful state of morals in New South Wales, with a view to measures being adopted for their improvement, and another while he is inditing a letter of Christian love to Prince Leopold, immediately after the lovely heiress of the British crown has been laid in her ancestral tomb.

The closing years of his life were placid as the calm declining of the summer sun. The highest form of the Christian life seems to be exemplified in the description of one present at the closing scenes of his career. "He speaks very little as if looking forward to future happiness. He seems more like a person in *the actual enjoyment* of heaven within." Truly, this bright *earnest* of the heavenly inheritance was a fitting close to a life so humbly devoted to God, so nobly dedicated to the service of humanity. M. A. C.

June 25, 1851.

For the Watchman and Reflector.

TOUR WEST.

COMMENCEMENT AT ROCHESTER

IT ought to be called a *flight* rather, for leaving Boston in the morning, we found ourselves in twenty-one hours, at the distance of nearly five hundred miles. To one, on whose brain a mingled scene of brick, dust, and granite had long been almost the sole image daguerreotyped from without, the sensation of gazing upon the world as God made it, is delightful. The green expanse of field and forest clothed in the robes of early summer, and overcast with "jostling clouds" or radiant skies, is a source of rustic admiration, as well as poetical enthusiasm. Every tree, leaf, flower, flock and fowl is invested with a halo of glory, and becomes a thing of thought and sentiment.

"Man made the town, but God made the country."

We first alighted in Rochester, the seat of the new University. This place is spread over a broad surface, with open spaces between most of the houses, in which shrubbery is cultivated to give the view a rural aspect, and to impress one with its peculiar fitness as the seat of education. It mingles the picturesque with the beautiful, being intersected in the centre by the Genesee, which has ploughed through it a deep channel, and scooped out a succession of gulfs, into which its waters leap from lofty ledges of limestone.

At 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning, we listened to a sermon from Rev. Mr. Hotchkiss, of Buffalo, before the Education Union, from Mark 3:14. Our Saviour's previous night of prayer in the solitudes of the mountain, the solemnity of the crisis, its relations to the moral culture of our race, the necessity for organs to prosecute the work after his death, and the provision of a permanent ministry endowed with the gifts of the Spirit, were all touched upon in the introduction, which might have been somewhat compressed with advantage to the sermon as a whole. The apostles were ordained to be with Christ, and to go forth and preach, which fact suggested this topic, *that ministers must be prepared for their work by an appropriate religious and intellectual culture*. This culture is involved in the fact of their being *with Christ*, rendering them more religious and in all respects better fitted for their high function. No theological professor ever equalled Jesus in preparing men for the ministry. We did not feel the force of the preacher's statement, that the apostles were learned in Hebrew and Greek as well as in their vernacular dialect. They were, for the most part, men of very humble station, belonging to that great class of the nation who did not understand the sense of the Hebrew Scriptures except as explained to them by the Scribes. And their knowledge of Greek, which was for the most part purely colloquial, they must have acquired from the intercourse of foreign nations, or by miraculous endowment, after their period of preparation for the ministry had expired. Our Saviour's influence upon them was chiefly moral and spiritual, and so far as it trained their intellects, it was as a consequence of the new life which it introduced into their souls. As the eye and sentiments of a painter in a rustic youth, tend to raise him *intellectually* above his equals in education, so the mental discipline of the apostles was owing to the renewed moral sentiments with which their master inspired them, rather than to any system of mental discipline.

We suggest these thoughts in no spirit of factious criticism, but because we have never been quite satisfied that the analogy often drawn between the apostles' training and our modes of ministerial education, is well founded. This analogy is somewhat like that between the keys of Peter and those of the two worlds now in the hands of the Pope, which the Catholics seem to understand much better than we. So far as the naked fact of *preparation* is concerned, Mr. H. is justified in drawing this analogy, but we think that in extending it to the acquisition of three languages before the apostles had completed their preparation, is going farther than the case will warrant. Mr. H.'s argument for ministerial education on *other* grounds was conclusive and eloquent. We regret that our limits forbid an analysis of it, which, however, we hope will be rendered unnecessary by the publication, which we learn was requested. The afternoon was devoted to reports and addresses which seemed to us interesting and effective. Among the speakers were Rev. Messrs. Evarts, Westcott and Hodge.

In the evening, we had an oration and poem before the Pithonian and Delphic Societies. Rev. H. W. Beecher, whom we had the pleasure of hearing for the first time, was the orator, and his subject was, Character. He has some fine points as a speaker, as is evinced by the fact that he got the audience into a universal excitement with laughter. This was effected by witty and ludicrous comparisons. In the midst of all the uproar, a painful undercurrent of feeling was passing in our mind, that one so able to do good, so competent to make a deeply moral and religious impression, should so waste his energies upon mere amusement, or upon gratifying that appropriativeness which he made a fundamental element of character. Mr. B. has the power of conceiving and tersely expressing metaphors and figures to any extent, often singular and even ludicrous, and he seems determined not to bury his talent. Whatever of philosophy, piety, or good sense his discourse contained, was so encumbered with witticisms, as to be like those veins of mineral wealth which are too deep to be reached by human industry or research. We could think of nothing, care for nothing, remember nothing but musquitoes, weasels, rats, alligators, and the like, which he called to his aid in caricaturing poor human nature. Mr. B. has yet to learn the worthlessness of satire and comedy as an agent of reform. A mean man will laugh heartily at hearing such as himself compared to a lean weasel creeping through a small hole, without even thinking of a reform. As an oration to afford comical delight, it was unrivalled, but as to moral and religious effect it was a dead failure.

Mr. B., and all others, will excuse this freedom of remark, since it has long been with us a conviction, that the extent to which such a style is introduced into our pulpits is in its ultimate effects eminently prejudicial to piety and morals, and supplanting the theatre by underselling its wares in the market. The man who can get comedy in the meeting-house for *nothing*, will not buy it at the doors of our theatres for a *dollar* a night. And yet, we cannot object to the facetious when it is held rigidly subordinate to morals and religion. When life has dealt by Mr. B. somewhat more roughly, he will know himself better, and do more effective service in the cause of his Master.

Park Benjamin, Esq., was the poet, whose subject was Mammon, or the love of money, and his poem had the merit of well defined thought above what we generally hear on such occasions. The audience were delighted throughout, and will no doubt think me a querulous, misanthropic critic for adventuring the remarks we have.

The Commencement exercises on the succeeding day were well sustained, and an excellent address by the Chancellor, Hon. Ira Harris, closed the exercises.

But the Theological Commencement on the succeeding day was to us more instructive and satisfactory. The young men evinced a healthful training, and sound theology. Much that was said was highly Calvinistic, a fault, if such it be, which can be easily excused by those who every year feel more and more their dependence on Divine grace for salvation. Dr. Maginnis delivered to the young men an excellent address, which was followed by the Inaugural of Dr. Conant, on the claims of sacred learning. This address indicated a profound acquaintance with the literature of the Holy Scriptures, and the sentiment was unanimous and enthusiastic in its favor. It was said by some that we had the best wine at the last of the feast.

Upon the whole, the Baptist denomination at large, and particularly of the State of New York, as well as the public generally in this great and growing part of our country, have occasion for gratitude for the speedy and wonderful success which has attended this enterprise. Beginning in weakness and opposition, it has already acquired strength and favor, and we trust will be extensively useful. This result we expected. The market for education is here, and we were confident that those who first supplied it would do a good business. We failed to get the statistics of either organization, but learn that the University endowment approximate $150,000, and that that of the theological department exceeds $40,000.

On the evening of the 10th, we took the cars for Buffalo, where we embarked for Michigan, in the steamer Atlantic, in which we now write in the midst of lake scenery, with the Canada shore on the right, and a succession of green inlands on the left. Ours is indeed a great country. An untravelled New Englander has no conception of the immensity of our lake navigation, including I know not how many thousand miles, with a length of way for steamboats in the rivers of the Mississippi valley.

For the Watchman and Reflector.

RELIGION AND MORALS.

THE editor of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, Dr. J. V. C. Smith, who is now travelling in the East, in a late letter from Constantinople, concerning the habits, customs, and character of the Turks, has the following remarks:

"Morals in the East are totally independent of religion, and no way affect or interfere with professions of righteousness. A man may here commit crimes every day in the year, which, in the United States would send him to the State prison for life, and yet be classed among the pious, devout followers of the Prophet."

It has been my own lot, in journeying through this world, to reside for a time in a region to whose inhabitants language like the foregoing might very well apply. Morals in this country, as well as in the East, are, in a very great degree, independent of religion; and very frequently have little to do with professions of righteousness.

We need not say, for it would not be true, that a man may here commit crimes, every day, which would send him to the State prison for life. But is it *not* true that he may here *say* and *do* things which the most careless observer recognizes as opposed to the spirit of the Christian religion, and yet remain in full fellowship with those who call themselves the followers of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? Let a person pass through Washington street, in Boston, or Broadway, in New York, as a stranger, and endeavor to distinguish the pious from the worldly, by their spirit or their mode of transacting business, and what, think you, would be his success? Are there not "dealers" here, in great numbers, who wear the externals of piety, at least, one day of the week? More than this, are there not, in considerable numbers, men whose purpose it is to possess the spirit of the Saviour, and not only appear righteous one day in the week, but habitually. And yet I have not seen the individual who could distinguish them by their external conduct—their *morality*.

A very shrewd observer of men and things, whom I once knew in Boston, and who, from his position in a retailing bookstore of high standing, had an opportunity to *make* his observations, remarked to me, one day, that he had long ago made up his mind that a man's faith, or belief, or profession had no influence over his practice. The man was a little skeptical, it is true, but then he had not derived his skepticism from Hume, or Voltaire, or Robert Owen, so much as from what he regarded as facts, coming every day before him. And Paine, as is well known, was accustomed to sneer at the friends of religion with most effect when he asserted, as he was wont, that *he* was the real infidel who did not act up to the doctrines he professed to believe. In truth, it is hardly expected of men, while they are transacting worldly business, that they will act up to the spirit of the religion they profess. I have heard an Orthodox Doctor of Divinity, in one of our cities, who had for members of his church some two hundred or more of merchants, mechanics, and manufacturers, apologize for their fraudulent habits, by saying that there was a routine or circle of business, within which no man's Christianity was expected to enter.

Some gravely tell us there is an obvious difference between the professor and non-professor of the Christian religion, and that the former may be easily distinguished by his "hardness" and duplicity. He shaves much more closely, say they, than the mere worldly, although he uses a much keener razor. This last remark, however, may be regarded as a slander on most of those who profess to be pious men, for, as a general rule, there are no certain outward marks by which you can distinguish one from the other. It would be the height of folly in those who know much of human nature, as it is, to attempt it.

This condition of things would be tolerable if the Bible did not hold out, broadly and strongly, the great idea of non-conformity to the world—that is, to its maxims, customs, and conduct. It is a fundamental principle of a great apostle and Christian moralist, Whatever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus. Would a full compliance with the above injunction permit the disciples of Christ so to live that they could scarcely be distinguished, in their daily walk and conversation, from other people? Would it not require them to be his daily and hourly representatives? Would it not require them to do, in all of the circumstances of life, exactly that which, according to their own best judgment, the Saviour would do in those circumstances. Would it not require the merchant or manufacturer—in Boston, New York, or elsewhere—to perform his daily routine of business in such a manner as would distinguish him from the mere worldling?

That such is the conviction of good men, everywhere, I have not a doubt. There is not an intelligent Christian who would dare openly to make the denial. All, or nearly all of them, will practically admit, at least when hard pressed, that taking the world as it is, nonconformity to its customs would make us singular even in the modes of transacting our ordinary daily business.

More than even this is true. I was not long since at a prayer meeting, where, in the interim, which was devoted to conversation, one eminently pious man took occasion to complain of the world around him in this particular. Why, says he, one cannot buy so much as a box of strawberries without being defrauded. The best men, he said, would pack the best of the fruit at the top of the box, and the inferior at the bottom, where it could not readily be seen.

Another individual who was present, after assenting to the truth of the other's remark, went on to say how seldom it was that even Christian ministers came up to the strict integrity of the gospel, but closed his remarks by stating a fact which went to illustrate the point at which he was aiming, and to show that there had been at least one honest act in the world since the days of our Saviour. It was the following:

An aged minister of New England, whose praise is in all the churches, had, on a certain occasion, purchased of his neighbor a cow, for which he gave twenty dollars. It was all the neighbor asked, and all the cow was supposed by either party to be worth. But experience of her good qualities convinced Mr. H. that she was well worth twenty-five dollars; and with this conviction fastened on his mind, he embraced the very first opportunity which offered, to acknowledge his indebtedness to his neighbor, in the additional sum of five dollars. The latter declined to receive it, alleging that he had all he asked for the cow, but was compelled by the urgency of the purchaser to accept it.

Here, said the person who related the anecdote, was an honest man. I need not repeat that if this is the Christian standard of honesty, few come up to it. The world is suffering, starving, dying, for want of this downright Christian honesty; this doing in all the circumstances of life, not merely as we *agree* to do, nor as the conventional law of public opinion would have us do, but as the Lord Jesus Christ would do in our circumstances. Religion and morality should be divorced no longer; they were joined together by God himself; and what God has joined together, let not man put asunder. W. A. A.

For the Watchman and Reflector.

PRAY FOR MY CHILDREN.

NATURAL affection has a great influence over the religious affections. Those who feel deeply for the salvation of sinners, have their thoughts directed more especially to the members of their own families, and pray more fervently for the salvation of their children and friends, than for others. There is, indeed, a tremendous responsibility resting on parents. The eternal interests of their children are in a great measure committed to their trust, and whatever they do has an influence that will affect their future happiness or misery. No wonder then that we are so often requested by parents, to remember their children, in our supplications to the Giver of good.

Those who make this request, should consider fully what they ask. Parents that have never performed their first duty to their children, cannot expect others to feel much encouragement to pray for them. As the influence of a parent's daily life is powerful for good or evil, every act he performs is felt, and an evil example will not fail to be followed; for the natural heart is ever ready to sin, and children will become bold in sin, if they can plead for an excuse, the example of their parents. Many have gone down to a drunkard's grave in consequence of the evil effects of a father's example, and many have been eternally lost in consequence of the neglect of parental duty. If a parent becomes disaffected with his minister, and speaks lightly of his labors, he need not expect his children will be benefitted by Sabbath privileges, neither can he expect them to be interested for their souls' salvation, if he does not show by his actions that he feels for them.

The religious education of children is left too much to the Sunday school, and the ordinary means of grace. How fearfully guilty are those who never pray with their children or converse with them on religious subjects. But there is a difference in praying *for* them collectively, and *with* them individually, or in talking about religion before them and conversing *with* them personally. In many professedly Christian families there is no family altar, and no religious instruction. Is there any encouragement to pray that the children of such families may be converted? Parental duties are not few, but if the heart is right they will be performed cheerfully, and by the blessing of God, may result in the conversion of the child.

A few weeks since, in this place, a promising boy, the only son of affectionate parents, was called to die. On him they had based many bright visions of future happiness, and had fondly hoped that he would have been the comfort of their declining years, and would have smoothed their pathway to the grave. Had they not been consoled by the evidence he gave that he was prepared for death, their affliction would be almost insupportable. But they feel that there duty had been neglected too long; and in the conference meeting the father confessed his fault, and urged upon parents the importance of direct personal efforts for the salvation of their children. An impression was made on the minds of those present, for he spoke feelingly; and under the influence of the thought that his darling child was beyond the reach of his influence. On the occurrence of our annual Thanksgiving, an interesting girl was borne to the grave. A few days only had elapsed, since disease first warned her of the approach of death. But in the midst of their affliction her parents have cause for thanksgiving, in the fact that religious truth was early impressed upon her mind, and that in the midst of her sufferings she loved to talk of Jesus. Those who have neglected their duty in respect to their children, should begin *now* to perform them, for none are safe a moment while unreconciled to God. W. L. E.

For the Watchman and Reflector.

THE CONSECRATED HOUR.

THE bell had ceased tolling for some minutes when I entered the vestry. It has been my habit of late to come into the weekly prayer meeting, after the services have commenced; not that I do not love the place of prayer or consider its exercises irksome, far from it, but for some time past I have deemed it impossible on account of other duties to attend in season.

Our pastor was sad, I know it, for I have learned since the close of the meeting, from one who listened to the opening prayer. He was sorrowful in view of the many who cared not enough for the season of prayer, to leave their ordinary duties for an hour, and that of the few who came, some were late.

It must sadden the heart of a faithful pastor, to see that many who profess to love their Lord, are not more desirous to show their attachment to his cause, by observing more constantly, and punctually, the time set apart for prayer and conference, that we may gather strength and gird on the Christian armor afresh. Have you, reader, unnecessarily absented yourself from the weekly prayer-meeting? Is it your practice through carelessness or on account of business, to enter the place of meeting after the services have commenced? If so, can you do anything to avoid it? Let us not, through neglect, encroach on this consecrated hour. We ought to be more faithful, we should be willing to make sacrifices for God. If through faith in the precious promises we endeavor so to do, we shall honor the cause of our Redeemer, encourage those who labor faithfully in the cause of Christ, and get a blessing to our own souls. C.

For the Watchman and Reflector.

THE HOPE OF THE GOSPEL.

THIS evidently must be something which constitutes the gospel's strength, its vitality, its power, its invincible energy, its life-giving efficacy,—in a word, its DIVINITY.

Satan *is not moved by trifles*. He cares little for our vows, resolutions, prayers, tears, devotions, pilgrimages, self-mortifications, convictions, repentings, and *even faith*, if all be not associated with "the Hope of the Gospel." He is not at all alarmed at churches, ministers, religious excitements, and all the various religious appliances of this *religious age*, if all be not vitally connected and energized with the hope of the Gospel. He would have no objection to the propagation of a Christianity, of a faith, not based upon this hope. The hope of the gospel is what the gospel promises, in other words, it is God's purpose of grace revealed, declared, set forth in the gospel of his Son. And here is found the occasion of Satan's decided hostility to it. He would care little for what a man might hope or believe, if his hope did not rest upon God's unchanging covenant of grace! It is because the hope of the gospel bases itself upon what God has done, and upon his promises of what he *will do*, and thus like an anchor, throws itself up amid the immovable foundations of the throne of God itself, that Satan is so anxious to move the church away from it. It is because it leans upon the *finished* work of Christ, and finds its *security* in the blood of the everlasting covenant; and in all the specific promises ratified by that blood, that he trembles for its influence upon the church, and anticipates its final issue, in the speedy conquest of the world.

The same hope has ever been the great point in conflict, between the powers of Light and the powers of Darkness. The Pope would have been reconciled to Luther, if Luther had not persisted in preaching justification by *Christ and Christ alone*. And Luther, in his turn, would have been reconciled to the Pope, if the Pope had but permitted him to believe and preach this great truth.

Against this hope of the Gospel the forces of Satan are still directed. The prevailing philosophy of the day—our current literature—the literature of the scientific lecture—of the magazine—of the daily press, with some exceptions, is all against it. With not a few of our more popular journals, *faith* is of no account—the infidel Rem, is a hero, a patriot saint! These journals talk of Christianity as *a life*—as a kind of *moral heroism*, while they pass by the *cross*, either in cold indifference, or wagging their heads in open scorn and derision. Even many of the journals, which are professedly moral and Christian, are yet instinct with the spirit of *Antichrist*, and with a *lurking, sneering* hatred of the hope of the Gospel.

In addition to this, what numbers are being moved away from the hope of the Gospel by that spirit of wild and reckless *enthusiasm* which distinguishes the present age of the church. Under such circumstances is there not danger lest Christians should be moved away from the hope of the Gospel.

How appropriate is the warning of the Apostle, "Take heed lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the rudiments of this world and not after Christ."

Especially should the *ministry* take heed to the flocks over which the Holy Ghost has made them overseers, that they be not led away by the sneers of infidelity on the one hand, nor by the delusions of *ignorant* men on the other. The ministry is set for the defence of the gospel! It must gather up its strength for the conflict; for a conflict is coming—is already going on.

And Christians, if they would not be moved away from the hope of the Gospel, *must pray more*. They must build themselves up, upon their most holy faith, keep themselves in the love of God, and pray in the Holy Ghost. Experimental religion is not only highly conservative, but *preservative!* It is the *peace of God which keeps the heart* through Jesus Christ. In other words, a daily *fresh* experience of our justification by faith in Christ, daily repentence, daily absolution! Moreover we must study the Scriptures with the simplicity and docility of children.

Finally, let Christians, and especially Christian parents, be careful what they read themselves, and what they suffer their families to read.

Christians take heed and save yourselves from this untoward generation! Cast not away your confidence! *Hold on to the hope of the Gospel*, ever looking for that blessed hope and glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour, Jesus Christ! But be not troubled, neither by *spirit*, nor by letter, nor by *word*—that the day of Christ is at hand. *Let no man deceive you.* AGAPE.

THOROUGHLY EDUCATED" MINISTERS.

A WRITER in Zion's Advocate complains of the tone of much of the discussion relating to an educated ministry. He regards the tendency of not a little that is said, as weakening to the influence of a large class of pastors. The spirit of his communication while somewhat blunt, is truthful, and is withal so honest and conservative, that we copy a portion of it:

The question, "How shall we increase the influence and efficiency of our ministry?" is an important one. But it can be answered.

One of the *first* things that *should* be done, and of the *best* things that *could* be done, would be to stop our able brethren from holding up a portion of the ministry in an odious light. They may not design to do this. Probably not. Still the natural impression from much of the speech-making at our anniversaries, in relation to this subject, is much to the disadvantage of the "uneducated" ministry.

One would certainly suppose from the stress laid upon a "thorough education," and from the fact that "thorough education," and "a Collegiate and Theological course," seem to be used as synonymous terms, that there was a sort of Procrustean bedstead. If one has drilled through a certain course, he is "thoroughly educated." Such is the idea held up before the people. And its effect upon them is marvellous. The attention is diverted from the subject of religion, and fixed wholly upon Grammar and Rhetoric. School girls can sneer at the appearance of an uneducated minister, and talk of his bad pronunciation. They are following the example of the learned and great, and, of course, consider themselves on the high-way to renown. Such a course has been made fashionable, and is followed as a fashion. And people are not always so discriminating as some of our public speeches, and reports of Committees and Secretaries would seem to indicate. I doubt whether the good people of this State could tell from the appearance of a man whether he were a D. D. or not. And if all the D. D's in the Missionary Union were to preach in course to us, we should not be eager enough to dertermine which among them were "thoroughly educated," and who were "uneducated." I believe it to be a fact, that a large number of them never had their "measure taken" at any school of the prophets, and some of them never even drilled their four years under the discipline of a College. Of course they are uneducated. But some of them hold important stations and good salaries, and I should be sorry to see them driven from places which some of us find "so difficult to fill." Yet in spite of our sympathy for them let the impression once prevail that they are not "thoroughly educated," and their people will not be edified by their preaching. The people are often whimsical; made so, no doubt, by respectable influences, but yet are so. I am confident that I have heard as dull, and threadbare, and stupid discourses and remarks from our "*able*" men, and on important anniversaries, as I ever heard from our weaker brethren among the stumps of Maine. I have heard the D. D's extolled for the most commonplace remarks, and an able discourse severely criticised because it was pronounced by an uneducated man.

It is the fashion, and a fashion newly vamped and varnished, at every public gathering to blow upon humble, unpretending ministers of the gospel. It is an influence that greatly increases the difficulty with which they have to contend in trying to win men to Christ.

There is not, probably, one church among all the little churches in this great and destitute State, but that would like an educated minister. To this we make no objection. But I do feel sad when I hear brethren, who do not hear preaching once in two months, say "We must have a man of thorough education." We can't do any thing here without a smart man." Another church of not more than thirty members, contemplate dismissing their minister because he is not thoroughly educated.

A WORTHY ENTERPRISE.

From a Vermont Correspondent.

AS AN account has not appeared in the Watchman and Reflector, respecting the things that have recently transpired in this region of our State, I venture to supply the deficiency. On the fifth of June, the ministers and delegates assembled, with others interested from both sides of our border lines at Bebee Plain, Stanstead, to take into prayerful consideration the propriety of organizing a society, which should act in harmony with other benevolent organizations, in the extension of the privileges and blessings of a preached gospel in our midst. The gathering was general from the vicinity, while the delegation was larger from the Canada than from the Vermont side.

It may not be known generally to many of your Vermont readers, that most of the churches of the Montreal Association, were planted and watered by missionaries sent out and sustained by the Vermont State Convention; and but a few years since were dismissed from the Danville Association, to unite with the Ottawa; which has since been divided, and the eastern churches are now known as the Montreal Association.

The pastors of these eastern churches finding themselves weak and isolated, and seeing the field around far as the eye could reach all white to harvest, after consultation requested the ministers of the Danville Association, to meet them for deliberation. This resulted in the above meeting. Ten ministering brethren with others of piety and standing in the church, were assembled and organized for deliberation. The meeting was convened on Friday, June 5th, and the religious exercises continued over the Sabbath. Eight sermons were preached, many prayers offered, and the ordinance of baptism administered.

There we met those who had formerly been associated with us, and those whom we gladly hailed in our yearly convocations.

There as we engaged in the devotional exercises, and listened once more to the voice of our venerable and beloved father Mitchell, as it was tuned in praise and rose in prayer, so fervent, so doctrinal, and so spiritual, we felt to exclaim with Watts,

"My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this."

The object under consideration was deemed one of such importance, and so feasible and hopeful as to warrant an organization, which was effected in harmony and brotherly love.

By virtue of this arrangement it is designed and hoped that an Evangelist or two, will be engaged to labor in the destitute regions of these two Associations; and that all expenses will be borne by those in the field; still it is thought that should there be a deficiency of funds that we may look with confidence to the Vermont Baptist State Convention, or the Home Mission Society for help.

In closing this communication, let me so far as I am able, allay the fears of all those whose "suspicions have been awakened and excited by this organization," with the most solemn assurance, that the single design of its originators so far as they are known to me, was avowed to be, to operate more unitedly and efficiently against the kingdoms of darkness, in this promising but destitute region.

In my next I will speak of the session of the Danville Baptist Association. NORTH.

ITALIAN PROPAGANDISM IN ENGLAND.

ALL Popedom is alive to the necessity of a grand scheme to proselyte Great Britain. To that end, a new Roman Cathedral is to be built in London by contributions from the faithful. The Pope has authorized the granting of *an indulgence for one hundred days* to all who will give any thing to advance this object. And Ferdinand, Archbishop of Florence, has issued his proclamation to help things along. After referring to "the prosperous events of the Catholic Apostolate in the United Kingdom of Great Britain," and stating that, "while the numerous return to the bosom of the true Roman Church, not only of the unlearned, the simple, and the poor, but also of the most enlightened, the wisest, and personages on every account most worthy of consideration, causes the faithful to conceive sweet hope that the day is not far off when they shall see unity of faith re-established in that island, which, before the fatal schism, was called the Isle of Saints," it is not generally known that perils beset that mission, and many difficulties oppose themselves in the English dominions, and particularly in London, not only to the propagation of the faith among Protestants, but even to its conversation in the mind of the national converts, and of the Italians who dwell in that metropolis, he goes on as follows:

Therefore, to preserve Catholics, and especially our countrymen, from the corruption of impiety and error, it is acknowledged to be absolutely necessary to build an Italian Church in London, which, in size and central situation, shall correspond to the spiritual necessity of the many faithful who sojourn there, and to establish one school, at least, for the scientific and religious instruction of Italian youth.

A PRIMITIVE CHRISTIAN.

REV. DR. CRAMP, in his recent inaugural address as President of Acadia College, thus feelingly refers to the death of EDWARD MANNING, who, as President of the Education Society, ever manifested a deep interest in the welfare of the institution.

In the death of the venerable Edward Manning, the Baptist denomination in these Provinces has sustained a heavy loss. That primitive Christian man was justly dear to the churches. His vigorous intellect, clear conceptions, sound judgment, comprehensive grasp of truth, readiness of speech, and forcible eloquence, combined with intelligent and fervid piety, eminently qualified him for usefulness. He was a Barnabas, a good man, 'full of the Holy Ghost and of faith,' and his labors unusually protracted, were blessed to multitudes, who will be his "joy and crown of rejoicing," in the day of the Lord. While we render thanks to God for the grace bestowed upon him, and for the advantages which this Institution derived from his patronage and co-operation, we cannot but deeply mourn the breach which has been made by his removal. Nor can it be concealed from us that there are others, in different parts of the Provinces, whose continuance with us is fast hastening to a close. Even now, it may be said of some, that they are "dressed for the flight and ready to be gone." May the mantle of love and zeal fall, in every instance, on a worthy successor, and may the younger members of our churches ever follow the examples of their patriarchal predecessors, in their cordial advocacy and support of our Educational Institutions.

"NOT ASHAMED OF MY CHAIN."

"THE Lord give mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus, for he oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain." Yes! we sympathize in that benediction too. God bless Onesiphorus and his house with the riches of His love! We know but little of this Ephesian worthy, but that little makes us wish to know more. He was a genuine man—of that most ancient of all orders, "the order of manhood." He was a faithful friend. He looked above appearances, or rather he regarded appearances in their true aspect. He recognized true nobility wherever he found it. He knew the image and superscription of his heavenly Master when stamped upon a soul, and honored it for that Master's sake.

How grateful is the recollection of the old way-worn Apostle! He says that Onesiphorus "oft refreshed" him. As a cup of cold water to the gasping, fainting wayfarer of the desert, came that visit of his Ephesian brother unto Paul. When he arrives in Rome, he searches Paul out. He finds him in a prison! "No man stood with" him. The timid have turned their backs, and left him in the lion's paw. There he is,—Nero's captive, but Jehovah's freedman! There he is,—with an iron chain on that arm that waved over the Acropolis, and awed the philosophers of the Violet City into silence—that arm which made Felix tremble, and from which the viper fell off innocuous into the barbarians' fire at Melita. That scarred and weather-beaten body is in a cell! Like that modern Paul who wrote the Pilgrim's Progress, he is under bolts and bars. And thither comes Onesiphorus, with the refreshment of his fervid sympathy. He is not ashamed of the chain. No! he counts that a badge of glory, the livery of his once persecuted Master. It is a decoration. As Napoleon hung the

that what was emulation in Tickell was envy in Addison. The verses which Pope wrote on this occasion, and sent to Addison, had the satisfactory effect that the great Joseph was civil ever afterward. But still Mr. Thackeray surmised that their sting was never forgotten, and that the saintly Addison might be painted as a Sebastian, with this one arrow sticking in him.

The causes that led to the writing of the *Duenciad* were laid down, chiefly with a view of justifying the author, though Mr. Thackeray admitted that Pope's arrows are not always sharp, and his slaughter so wholesale, that the reader's sympathies are often enlisted on the side of the devoted inhabitants of Grub-street. The vile jokes and libels that were aimed against the illustrious poet, and the paltry allusions to his personal defects, were brought forward as sufficient motives; and the lecturer dwelt with admiration on the personal courage which the "gallant little cripple" displayed when the indignant duncs threatened him with corporeal chastisement. At the same time, he declared it his conviction that the *Dunciad* had done the greatest possible harm to the literary profession. Prior to its publication there were great prizes for literary men in the shape of Government appointments and the like; but Pope a lover of high society—a man so refined that he kept thin while his friends grew fat—hated the rank and file of literature, and if there was one point, in his assaults on which he dwelt with savage partiality, it was their abject poverty. He it was who brought the notion of a vile Grub-street before the minds of the general public; he it was who created such associations as author and rags—author and dirt—author and gin. The occupation of authorship became ignoble through his graphic descriptions of misery, and the literary profession was for a long time destroyed.

Pope's well known affection for his mother, on which Mr. Thackeray feelingly expatiated, and the love which his friends entertained for him, were introduced as a sentimental relief in describing the character of a man whose career Mr. Thackeray compared to that of a great General, obtaining his end by a series of brilliant conquests.

Watchman & Reflector.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1851.

SUMMER JOURNIES.

A CURSORY glance at the crowds who throng our hotels, steamers, and railroad lines, reminds us that we have reached the season of the year which is devoted by the mass of the community, more than any other, to taking journies for the sake of recreation and pleasure, in addition to the pursuits of business. The land teems with travellers. Families are separated; familiar faces are missing from the sanctuary; established habits are broken, and the charms of home have melted beneath the rays of a scorching sun.

In regard to such a state of things, a few words, addressed to Christian travellers, may not be amiss. Our journies, generally, do us good or harm, and we return from them either better or worse fitted for our daily duties. Too often, a summer journey has proved to be adverse to spiritual health. Christians have sometimes been found to commence the autumn with a decline of piety. And the cause of this is not always the lassitude produced by the season, but the moral influence of the journey which interrupted salutary habits, which took him away from his devotional meetings, interfered with secret prayer, and the order of family worship. Perhaps his residence in the country was a distance from the sanctuary, and, on that account public worship was neglected, or tempted to travel on the Sabbath, he lost the blessings of that holy day; or, placed in a crowded hotel with no opportunity for retirement, he spent the consecrated hours in promiscuous company amidst the laughter and glee of the thoughtless; or, hurried on by rapid travelling he gave up one duty after another, until at last he lost heart for all; or, in a quiet retreat there was an uncongenial association, to whose influence he unconsciously yielded, till his spiritual nerve became relaxed, and he felt the debilitating poison of an irreligious atmosphere. Such are some of the hazards of a Christian traveller. And yet, summer journies are to most persons desirable, and to many they are necessary. These evils may be obviated, and a journey may be made a blessing. A Christian may return to his abode, not only with his health recruited, but with his spirit refreshed, his knowledge enlarged, his piety deepened, the sphere of h sympathies widened, his love of home quickened, his heart filled with gratitude for all his privileges, and with a soul more firmly resolved to use for God's glory the elements of moral power at his command. The result depends on his fidelity in "setting the Lord always before his face, on his right hand, that he may not be moved;" on his honest endeavor as he passes over the fields of observation open around him, like the industrious bee, to gather honey from every flower; and on the exercise of that steadfast faith which, like a mighty chemical agent, can extract medicine from noxious substances and gather nutriment from plants of poison.

It may be worth our while, therefore, to notice some of the ways in which a journey may minister to our spiritual prosperity.

First of all, it may serve to strengthen character, by furnishing occasion to cherish devotional and religious habits in spite of outward changes, and to become independent of shifting circumstances for our spiritual enjoyment. This point suggests the great distinction between a strong and a weak Christian. A weak Christian is a like a child in a well-bordered family; very good at home, but without a trial it cannot be told how he is disposed to behave abroad. A weak Christian bears almost his whole weight on others; "a strong man in Christ," by Divine help walks erect on his own feet. A weak Christian goes on very well while he is surrounded with his accustomed acquaintanceships and means of grace, but removed from these he is quite lost, and, yielding himself up to the circle into which he happens to be thrown, he becomes the sport of every new current of influence. A weak Christian is like a hot-house plant which thrives well in an artificial soil, under the glasses that invite the sun and repel the tempest; a strong one is like the tree which stands out of doors, which can take the natural air of heaven, can grow in the luxuriant meadow, or striking its roots down into the deep crevices of a mountain-rock to seek its aliment, can hold its place amid howling blasts and changing seasons.

Now, a journey is a time of constant change and one of the tests of character. It reveals a Christian to himself, and shows him where his strength lieth; whether by his habits of prayer, of reading, of meditation, he is drawing his life from the ever-living fountain, or whether he is altogether relying on human aids—on friends, ministers and meetings. He can learn whether his happiness springs from internal resources which are permanent, or from outward succors which are transient, and whether he has grace in him as a "well of water springing up into everlasting life," or whether he has only drank of "the brook by the way," which, at some time may leave its channels dry. If he is in the latter case, he is to be pitied. Let him beware of a superficial religion, a religion which he cannot retain and enjoy *alone*. For he may be called, as far as that is concerned, to live alone. He may be called to die alone. Woe is to him then if he cannot say, "Thou art my strength—all my springs are in Thee."

Again, a journey may be made to subserve our *intellectual improvement*. To a mind truly awake, life at home has its lessons; every scene is a book, and common events instruct us. But a journey is more exciting; it throws open a wider scope for thought, and renders the mind more susceptible of impression. New scenes pass rapidly before us, we see more of men, and learn more of human character. We see more of God's glory in his works. While pent up in the city, we are encompassed with the productions of man's art, the fabrics of his mechanism; but as we pass over mountains and plains, woodlands, lakes and rivers, we are more profoundly alive to the thought of an every where present God. It was a remark of the Abbe de Lille that one reason why the Parisians were so unsusceptible of impressions from the arguments of Natural Theology, and thence, so prone to atheism, was that they lived a life so artificial, and *saw* so little of the works of God in the broad domain of nature.

Now, there are several ways in which a journey may promote mental improvement. One of these is, by enlarging our knowledge of facts. There are very few journies which do not furnish us opportunities for learning something that we did not know before, either from the places we visit or the men we meet. To improve these is the part of wisdom, requiring, though it may, some care and diligence. The little incidents of a journey that are not worth remembering, are ever clamorous for attention, and too often, those who travel allow their whole minds to be engrossed with the subjects of diet, dress and accommodation; and their "memories of pleasant lands" are confined to the character of hotels, of tables, of attendance, of houses and carriages, and trivial incidents. Ere long, these are all forgotten, and the time spent in a journey is a blank in life. Let the mind be eager in its search after facts of substantial worth, and it will find itself storing up treasures with very little effort. Let Christians, especially, inform themselves of the religious condition of the places where they linger, the wants and prospects of the church of Christ, that thus their hearts may be enlarged to sympathize with other's joys or sorrows, their privileges or their destitution.

Moreover, a journey conduces to mental improvement by its tendency to remove prejudice. Whenever men are confined to the bounds of their own home and circle for a long time without intermission, they become more or less subject to clannish and local prejudices which are adverse to real improvement. One evidence of this is the fact that, throughout the world, a large proportion of almost every nation or community is prone to disparage their neighbors. A traveller may pass through all the countries of Europe, and find only one here and there in a community, able to rise above this tendency. So it is to a great extent in the States of this Union, people every where betray prejudices against those of neighboring towns and States. It is so within the sphere of religion; and not only in regard to the grand divisons of North and South, but even in the Middle States, the New Englander often finds himself suspected beforehand of favoring a lax theology, while he, on the other hand, is frequently heard to intimate that no where do people know how to conduct the affairs of the church and the State so well as they do in the land of the Pilgrims. These prejudices contract the mind, lead to alienation, and prevent one class from being of essential benefit to another. By means of acquaintanceship, however, the sympathies are enlivened, mutual respect is cultivated, the mind flings off its old trammels, and begins to discern that while in every community there are defects to be seen, there may be found also in each some peculiar points of excellence. Thus it learns to observe with candor, to discriminate fairly, to "prove all things and hold fast to that which is good."

Still further, a journey, if rightly improved, may prepare one for increased *usefulness at home*. But so far as a journey increases our health, or energy, or knowledge, or happiness, it should increase our zeal and fitness for our daily callings. It should quicken us to fresh activity and help us to quicken others. It should prepare us for constant progress in the cause of religion as the duty of every day life, not of the Sunday or the special meeting. As, of old, the prophets of God returned from the seclusion of the desert clothed with new power to fulfil their mission among the people, so should every Christian return from his summer journeyings more fully qualified to help the church, to bless the world, and to make the whole sphere of his influence as a well-kept garden, abounding in proofs of diligence and fruits of usefulness.

ART AND RELIGION.

THE most interesting and instructive writer in England, at the present time, on matters which lie within the realm of taste, is John Ruskin, author of "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," "Modern Painters," &c. His more recent work is entitled, "The Stones of Venice." Vol. I. "The Foundations." His volumes indicate an active mind constantly *progressive* in studies that are pursued from the love of them. In his books are some paragraphs that are disputable, but, on the whole, he establishes his positions fairly and fully. His definition of the great principle of Art is worthy of remembrance; with him all art is "the expression of man's delight in God's work." This is the key of all his interpretations—the standard by which he judges of all productions. He abhors that school of art "in which the ornament is composed of imitations of things made by man."

Our chief object, however, in alluding to him now, is to quote a passage from his latest work, in which he expresses justly his sense of the degrading tendency of "Romanist Modern Art"—of the miserable influence which its pomp and picturesqueness have given it over the weak sentimentalisms of the English people." He says:

"I call it a miserable influence, for of all motives to sympathy with the church of Rome, this I unhesitatingly class as the lowest. I can, in some measure, respect the other feelings which have been the beginnings of apostasy; I can respect the desire for unity, which would reclaim the Romanist by love, and the distrust of his own heart, which subjects the proselyte to priestly power. I say I can respect these feelings, though I cannot pardon unwrin-pired submission to them, nor enough wonder at the infinite fatuity of the unhappy persons whom they have betrayed—fatuity self-exalted, and stubborn in resistance to God's Word and man's reason!—to talk of the authority of the church, as if the church were anything else than the whole company of Christian men, or ever were spoken of in the Scripture as other than a company to be taught and led, not to feed and teach.

"Fatuity, to seek for the unity of a living body of truth and trust in God, with a dead body of lies and trust in wood, and thence to expect anything else than plague and consumption by worms undying, for both. Blasphemy, as well as fatuity! to ask for any better interpreter of God's Word than God, or to expect knowledge of it in any other way than the plainly ordered way: if any man will do, he shall KNOW. But of all these fatalities, the basest is the being lured into the Romanist church by the glitter of it, like larks into a trap by broken glass; to be blown into a barge of religion by the whine of an organ pipe, or stitched into a new creed by gold thread on priests' petticoats; jangled into a change of conscience by the chimes of a bobby. I know nothing in the shape of error so dark as this, no imbecility so absolute, no treachery so contemptible."

We have met with persons who belong to that class of which Ruskin here speaks. We have heard not only of women, but of men, who have visited Rome and have been seduced into Romanism by the splendors of architectural and of ritual art. It was probably a close observation of mankind which led this writer to make the remarks that follow:

"I do not know, as I have repeatedly stated, how far the splendor of architecture or other art is compatible with the honesty and usefulness of religious service. The longer I live, the more I incline to severe judgment in the matter, and the less I can trust the sentiments excited by painted glass and colored tiles. But if there be indeed value in such things, our plain duty is to direct our strength against the superstition which has dishonored them: there are thousands who might be possibly benefitted by them, to whom they are now merely an offence, owing to their association with idolatrous ceremonies. I leave but this exhortation to all who love them—not to regulate their creeds by their taste in colors, but to hold calmly to the right, at whatever present cost to their imaginative enjoyment: sure that they will one day find in heavenly truth a brighter charm than in earthly imagery, and in striving to gather stones for the eternal building, whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise."

PERSECUTION IN ITALY.

THE condition of Italy was never worse than it is at present. Religious persecution was never more rife. The government is like death, which "leaves a shining mark." Noblemen, gentlemen, ladies, and even children, are exposed to the most cruel treatment for words reported to have been spoken in the privacy of domestic life. It is enough to chill one's blood to read the accounts of the outrages committed against those who are only suspected of *sympathy* with republicanism. One fact speaks volumes in regard to the bad state of things. Mr. Greenough, the American sculptor, who has for many years resided at Florence in the peaceful pursuit of his profession, has abandoned his chosen home because he cannot endure the system of *espionage* which is rigidly enforced. The following remarks from the *Newark Daily Advertiser* are worthy of notice:

The eyes of all the world are beginning to be turned towards Italy. Statesmen and warriors, priests and people, Mahomedans and Christians, are regarding with intense interest the movements which are now going on in that old battle-field of empires. Every pulsation there tells upon the heart of the whole body politic, not only in civilized Europe, but even in America. Why is this? We answer, Rome is there. That mother of nations still holds within her bosom the destinies of her children. Think of it as we may, all the political affairs of the next half century will turn upon Rome. Austria is environing it with her armies. The French troops are on guard around the Vatican. Russia sends her aid to Austria. England and America send their fleets to cruise in the Mediterranean. In the mean time the Eternal City is agitated with popular commotions which, like the shocks of an earthquake, are felt in every part of the civilized world.

It is evident that the great problem is about to be solved, whether the government belongs to the people, or the people to the government. The papal hierarchy have always maintained the authority of hereditary power over the rights of the people, because they recurred it for their own pride and aggrandizement. The priests of Rome are now the chief supporters of the tottering despotic thrones of Christendom. They are busily at work in every court and camp in Europe, and every cabinet and council on this continent, conspiring against the principles of republicanism for the purpose of re-establishing political and spiritual despotism. The one depends upon the other. The papal system cannot tolerate representative government, because its institutions are essentially monarchial. The Pope would not stay in Rome when it declared itself a republic, and he sought a refuge in Naples, and found protection under the wings of the eagles of Austria. When the bayonets of republican France drove out the Triumvirate of Rome, the Pope returned to the Vatican. But the Romans do not acknowledge the secular power of the Pope. Mazzini is still the President of Rome. His is the only acknowledged authority constituted by the people and dear to their hearts. Through all Europe the sympathies of the people are with him and his constituents, the republicans of Italy.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

THUS work has encountered a goodly share of obloquy, and, from present appearances, is likely to encounter more. Its friends are legion, but they are rather quiescent than bellicose, preferring that what really has merit intrinsically great, should make its way in the long run, and not leap into general favor at a bound; its enemies, on the other hand, are of the *genus irritable*, dogmatic, overbearing, pugnacious to a nicety. Faults discoverable here and there—and they are pretty numerous to be sure—satisfy them that the book is a nuisance, that its author was an old granny, and that all who accept its learning, as the best known guide to the philosophy of their mother tongue, are only something less than fools. Of this class, we infer from his recent speech on the *Dictionary*, is Mr. Beekman, of the New York Senate. A bill, authorizing the State Superintendent to purchase Webster's Dictionary for the Common Schools, was under consideration in that body; the purpose being, as stated in debate, not to force the book as a gratuity upon the schools, but to enable all trustees who desire it, and only such, to obtain the same at a reduced price. Mr. Beekman, who would seem to be a wag on occasion, opposed the bill in the following speech:

Despite the old-fashioned cicisbeus of Webster, I consider this bill a crude cento, a chaology a chewet, mere clat potatoes. It ought not to be unrolled a chaffy. Such a charme should not be made by any conamore conatus. It is not comme il faut that a commensal compagination, a Senatus consultum, coming from this concamerated concameration, should char so crebrous a chaulication in schools. I regard the book as likely to be as crethistic as a circulatorous classs, or a cockpaddle in hummuns or a chad in coily.

This being translated afterwards by the dogmatic Senator, is made to read thus:

Despite the old-fashioned dangiers about Webster, I consider this bill a blue patchwork, a chaos, a mixture-medley, mere small potatoes. It ought not to be meddled with a single moment. Such a noise should not be made by any effort however earnest. It is not proper that this agreement round a table—this decree coming from this vaulted chamber should produce so awkward a lameness in schools. I regard this book as likely to be as energetic for mischief as a migratory beetling, or a lump fish in a bath-room, or a shad in a coal smut.

The following conversation then ensued:

Mr. JOHNSON asked what the gentleman had been saying.

Mr. BEEKMAN referred the gentleman to Webster. [renewed laughter.]

Mr. GEDDES followed. It was unfair in the gentleman to bring together such a list of names as a specimen of Webster.

Mr. BEEKMAN said every word he had used was in Webster—and not marked "obsolete." He said moreover, that yesterday he asked several gentlemen to spell the common name of the fish called "Shad," according to Webster. None of them could spell it!

Mr. GEDDES.—The word "Shad?"

Mr. BEEKMAN.—Yes, sir, and I venture that the Senator from the 22d (Mr. GEDDES) cannot spell it. [laughter.] It is spelled in Webster, "chad;" yes sir, "chad!

Such was the battery of ridicule brought by the Senator to bear against Webster. We might, with some patience, try a hand at Walker, who is probably the honorable gentleman's *vade mecum* in moments of literary leisure. Suppose a bill pending favorable to the introduction of the "Critical Pronouncing Dictionary, and Expositor of the English Language," into the schools. Mr. Beekman supports the bill. It might be opposed in a speech fully as ludicrous as the elaborated hotchpotch of the Senator. We have not the time to hash up such a mixture, but will let Walker furnish a list of words, which the gentleman can form into sentences at his convenience. These are, mussitation, pipiocerer, ablactation, scholiasm, enguard, engoul, chested, adduce, bosom, cento, chaw, draff, papilonaceous, mewl, wallop, thwack, jackalent, and so on to the end of the Dictionary. Perhaps in denouncing Webster by wholesale, the Senatorial critic might point out the distinction between Walker's *Glue*—"a viscous cement made by dissolving the skins of animals in boiling water, and drying the gelly"—and Walker's *Glue*—"a viscous body, commonly made by boiling the skins of animals to a gelly, a cement," and then tell us how *Gelly*—"any viscous body, viscidity, glue, gluey, substance,"—differs from *jelly*—"anything brought to a glutinous state, a kind of tender congulation;" and finally, whether *viscous*—"glutinous, sticky, tenacious"—describes or modifies the word *glew* or *glue*, or the word *gelly* or *jelly*.

It will be seen from the above, that the kind of argument adopted by the Senator is an unsafe one, to say the least of it. It may be used to annihilate one author as well as another. The sober fact is, and their respective friends must admit it, Walker, Johnson, Webster, Worcester, all have their many and grievous faults; but all have more and greater merits. Webster, from being the most elaborate and thorough in his life long researches, has, in spite of the host of defects that mar his great and crowning work, done more for the English language than all other lexicographers put together. We consider him as indispensable in the study as Walker or Worcester, and we would not willingly forego the constant presence of either. No dictionary can be perfect. To have one so, the language would have to become stationary. The words, idioms, phrases, and style of Chaucer's day—the spelling and defining of our own day, would have to be fixed as a law for all time upon tables of stone, and be made as irrepealable as the decretals of the Pope. As language alters and improves, lexicographers must become more erudite, and dictionaries more comprehensive and critical.

METHODIST CHURCH CASE.

THE Christian Advocate and Journal states that the measure proposed, under the authority of the General Conference, for a peaceable settlement of the controversy between the Methodist Episcopal church and the Methodist Episcopal church South, in relation to the property of the Book Concern, has failed. This is to be seriously regretted on many accounts. The controversy will soon be renewed, and no one can say when it will end, or to how much bitterness of feeling it may give rise. As the Advocate well observes, the idea of a litigation between two religious bodies, in relation to money, has a rather bad appearance, and always gives occasion for scandal.

The difficulty in the way of settlement seems to be a demand, by the South, of a concession which the agents, appointed under legal authority, cannot rightfully make. The ground taken is alleged to be, that, if the agents will concede the *claim* of the South, then the Commissioners will submit to arbitration the question of the *amount and mode of payment*. As this would yield the *equity* of the claim, it is contended that the agents have no such power given to them by the General Conference. Such concession made, nothing would be left to arbitrate, as the question of amount and mode is subordinate, and not the main point at issue. So reasons the Advocate, and hence the conclusion is, that the Southern Commissioners really propose nothing in the way of friendly Christian compromise.

It is to be hoped that a mode of friendly and Christian adjustment of this vexed question may yet be hit upon. This business of "brother going to law with brother" is bad enough in secular affairs; it should be discountenanced among religious brethren in every consistent way. We know not where the law or equity is in this particular case. It may be, as to our apprehension of the facts is more than probable, with the church; or, after prolonged, pertinacious, aggravating litigation, it may be decided to be with the plaintiff seceders South. Wherever the right is, friendly counsel can always bring it out, or at least, if the parties litigant consent to act upon brotherly considerations, effect a compromise that shall be satisfactory on both sides, not merely to the acquisitiveness, but to the conscience, of each.

Money matters, involving no moral principle, may be compromised without any sacrifice of importance or permanence. Possibly, judging from the tone of our neighbor, Zion's Herald, there *is* a great moral principle involved in this very dollar and cent issue of the Book Concern. Slavery, that wedge of iron which has divided our own denomination, may have entered so far into the Methodist body as to render an amicable adjustment of the most trifling difficulty utterly impracticable. Let us, however, hope not. If one mode of settlement has been exhausted and found impossible, let our contending brethren devise another, and another, until the whole magazine of experiments shall have exploded. Anything, almost, would be better than litigation, first in one court, then in a higher, and finally in that highest of all, the Supreme Court, where, as in the Slough of Despond, there are generally more Pliables to give up in despair, than Hopefuls, to press on to the end.

A SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

DEMENTED as portions of the people of South Carolina evidently are on the subject of disunion, we were hardly prepared, even after reading the ultraisms of the Southern Baptist, to see preachers of the gospel come out openly for a condition of things that is only possible through the horrors of civil war. The journal mentioned has now and then called us to an account for what it was pleased to consider our heresies on matters pertaining to the peculiar institution, and we have had occasion to speak deprecatingly of its course in reply. But, little did we then think, that any one professing the religion of peace would ever go out from that paper to labor on a field dedicated exclusively to the foul fiend of disunion. It seems, however, that we were not sufficiently credulous in this regard. What would possibly have been deemed uncharitable to anticipate, has in fact come to pass. One of the editors of the Baptist has withdrawn, to become the editor of a new paper, called the *Southern Standard*; the object of which is, says a Western contemporary, *the advocacy of a Southern Confederacy*, and the motto of which is, *The safety of the slave States requires a government that emanates from themselves*.

It is not our purpose to comment particularly upon the *folly*, using no harsher word, of such an advocacy. Our faith in the continuance of the Union for a good while yet, is as strong as ever. All the declamation that has been put forth lately, about dangers impending over the Union, have failed to convince us that serious dangers exist. Madmen at the South, and madmen at the North—those who preach civil war and a confederacy on one side of the line to uphold slavery, and those who preach peace and a confederacy on the other side of the line to destroy slavery—have no moral or political force to reach the common sense heart of the nation. Such teachers are not recognized in this our day and generation, and we opine that many a decade of years will come and go, before reason in the masses yields to frenzy in the few. It is not, then, from any fear of even what may be made to pass for a *religious* advocacy of disunion, that we call attention to the avowed policy of the Southern Standard, and to the reasons assigned by its editor why he enters upon such a work. Our readers have been made somewhat acquainted with the course of the *Baptist* on the question of slavery, and they will like to know something more of the spirit which has pervaded its leading department.

As we have not seen the prospectus of the editor of the Standard, we must take the quotations given from it by our Cincinnati contemporary. It appears that the late editor of the Baptist is not prepared to advise the people of South Carolina to secede *alone*. In this, therefore, he can har ily be classed with the Fire Eaters, who burn to redden their Palmetto blades in Yankee blood. "The result of the secession of a single State," he says in his prospectus, "is at least uncertain: and neither honor, nor a true manly courage, requires us to exercise any *certain right*, if it be an *uncertain remedy*." Very well. Under the government of a single State, he continues, therein promulgating a truth that the Fire Eaters ought not to disregard, "our burthens would be too heavy—we could not bear them. And every manly cheek must reddden and burn at the bare suggestion that, in such position, we would be free from insult and injustice, *at the mere sufferance of nations that profess to abhor our cause*." This is a severe hit upon those toast-makers of the 4th in Charleston, who profess to have more faith in abolition England than in our national Constitution. "*A Southern Confederacy*," concludes the editor, "*is then our only hope*, and can be secured only by a course of forbearance and conciliation." So much for so much.

Intimations are thrown out in the prospectus, as we infer from the remarks of our contemporary, that the advocacy, in the Baptist, by the now editor of the Standard, of a Southern Confederacy, was thought *unwise* by some of his friends. This is a hopeful indication that the course of the Baptist will be somewhat changed hereafter. And now we let the retiring editor once more speak for himself. He says his conscience approves, and so, with him, we leave the result to God.

"We have had our share in raising the storm, and now we must help to meet it. It grieves us to know that we must part from many readers with whom we have so long held sweet intercourse. Some may have looked weekly for our accustomed signature, and may now regret that they shall not soon see it again.—Some may even pray that the heavy clouds which overhang our State may be blown away, and that we may once more return to greet them through the columns of the Baptist. Heaven grant that it may be so. He that searcheth the heart knows that we enter not into political strife from ambition, or love of excitement, or pleasure. More gladly would we write of the triumphs of the cross, or the precious consolations of the gospel. But it cannot now be so. Who knows what temptations, what evil speakings, what fierce struggles, we may be called to endure! And yet conscience approves our course, and we leave the result to God."

CONVENTIONS IN CHICAGO.

A correspondent at Chicago, has furnished us with the following notice of Conventions recently held in that city:—"Our city has been lately favored by two Conventions of ministers and Christians. The first, the friends of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and American Home Missionary Society. Rev. Dr. Pomeroy, of your city, and Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, were among the number present. The meeting lasted three days. Among the most interesting of the speakers was Rev. Mr. Ballantine, returned missionary from India.

On the 3d inst. an Anti-Slavery Convention was commenced in the first Presbyterian church edifice. Some two hundred and fifty names were given in, mostly connected with the Congregational and Presbyterian denominations, but comprising several Baptists and Wesleyan Methodists. Rev. N. Colver, of Boston, who was on a visit to the West, was present and elected one of the vice presidents. President Blanchard, of Knox College, Ill., President Mahan, of Cleveland, O., Professor C. G. Finney, of Oberlin, O., and Dr. Brisbane, of Cincinnati, were among the number present. The meeting comprised many choice spirits, and some "outsiders" not so choice! Dr. Brisbane was appointed with Mr. Colver, on the business committee, but after considerable conversation with Rev. Mr. Ambrose, agent of the American Baptist Free Mission Society, resigned his place in favor of the latter. The Chair did not, until after the second or third trial, accept the nomination, but as Mr. Ambrose did not ask to be excused, he was substituted. Dr. Brisbane being appointed to report with another committee "on the connection of churches with slavery through their foreign missionary operations," resigned also in favor of Mr. Ambrose, who, "nothing loth," entered upon the noble work of again repeating the 'old accusations of Northern "Pro Slavery" and its horrid connection, and guilty fraternizing with slave-holders, &c." But he had "stretched himself beyond measure," and the union was nobly defended by Mr. Colver from the unworthy calumniation. Indeed, some Pedobaptist brethren, although apparently anxious to convict us on this point, were obliged to admit that the resolution of the "union" concerning the Cherokee churches, defines the position of that body as decidedly anti-slavery. In the evening there was an interesting missionary meeting. It was a good day."

TEMPERANCE IN MAINE.

THE last legislature of Maine passed a very stringent law against the traffic in alcoholic mixtures, and appearances indicate that the people are determined to execute the law without fear, favor, or affection. Numerous rum dealers have already been made to feel, that in one State at least, there is no peace for the wicked. The Portland Transcript states that one man, after being fined $30 and costs a first and second time, concluded that it was best to give up the iniquitous business. Wholesale dealers fare no better. In several instances, many barrels of liquor have been seized and destroyed, and the owners heavily fined. Cargoes of rum, brandy, &c., when being landed, have been taken possession of, or re-shipped and sent away from port. This summary mode of putting out rum fires, if continued, will soon act as an extinguisher for the whole State. Such fires yet burn throughout New England, and no conflagration of buildings equals them in the misery they scatter far and wide. In Massachusetts, public opinion and the law, have done much to stay the ravages of rum, but thousands of grog shops in our cities stand out in defiance of law, and drug men, women, and children to their ruin. If the experiment now tried in Maine succeeds, and it comes to pass that official authority can in all cases be made to reach the importer of ship loads, the seller of puncheons, and the retailer of glasses of the poisonous stuff, other States, goaded on by public sentiment, will be likely to say *amen*, and go and do likewise.

HARVARD COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

THE exercises of Commencement week passed off, as usual, to the satisfaction of the large number who attended. The weather was, on the whole, favorable, pleasant showers keeping down the dust, and cooling the otherwise heated air. Only five graduates left the Divinity School—an institution that has evidently been superseded by that at Meadville. The Rev. Chandler Robbins, of the city, took for a text—"For without me, ye can do nothing,"—and drew from it, very impressively, the principle of the ministry. The sermon is highly spoken of by our Unitarian friends. The annual visitation took place in the chapel of the University.

The Story Association of the Law School, had an interesting anniversary. Mr. Choate's oration, as was anticipated, abounded in fine touches, felicitous language, and high conservative sentiments. It was a truly beautiful piece of composition, and eloquently was it given. An appropriate ode, written by Lunt, was sung. A pleasant dinner in Dane Hall followed the exercises.

Wednesday was Commencement day. The Lancers, showy and numerous as usual, escorted the Governor and suite to the classic grounds. Thirty parts were assigned, and most of them were delivered to a large auditory. The choice of subjects was freer, and therefore less sophomorical than has been usual. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rev. Alonzo Hill, of Worcester, Rev. Rufus P. Stebbins, President of the Meadville School, Rev. John A. Albro, of Cambridge, and Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, of N. York. The L. L. D. was given to George S. Boutwell, Governor of Massachusetts; Sylvanus Thayer, Colonel of Engineers in the United States Army; Alexander D. Bache, Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey; Joseph Henry, Director of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington; John J. Crittenden, Attorney General of the United States; Benjamin F. Dunkin, Chancellor of South Carolina; and John A. Lowell, of Boston. The honorary degree of A. M. was given to Rev. Nathaniel Hall, of Dorchester; Ormsby M. Mitchell, Director of the Astronomical Observatory at Cincinnati, Ohio; Simon Borden, of Fall River; William R. Lee, of Roxbury; Jonathan Kimball, of Lowell; James Rhoads, of Philadelphia, and John D. Runkle, of Cambridge.

After the Commencement dinner, Hon. Edward Everett was called to preside over the Association of the Alumni. He read a list of 43 graduates, who have died during the past year, giving touching sketches of some of the deceased. The whole number of Alumni is 6,342, of whom 4,165 are dead, and 2,177 living. The oldest Alumni is Hon. John Welles, of Boston. He was in the class of 1782.

Thursday was Phi Beta Kappa day. The oration of the Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, is spoken of as a noble production. Mr. Fields, the poet, was not able to be present, owing to domestic affliction, and his place, at the briefest possible notice, was supplied by the Rev. John Pierpont, who kept the audience in good humor by his brilliant and pointed satire.

We understand that upwards of 70 young men have been admitted to the next Freshman class.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

THE Richmond Religious Herald publishes several resolutions of a church in Virginia, passed on dissolving a pastoral relation of more than thirty years continuance. One of these resolutions reads:

Resolved, That we by no means feel ourselves obsolved from the obligation to minister to his temporal wants by the cessation of those relations which have heretofore existed between us, but we feel ourselves bound by the fact, that he has literally worn himself out in the service of the denomination, still to communicate to his necessities.

This resolution, although preceded by others expressive of high appreciation of the venerable pastor's services and character, is really the best of the series. Most resolutions are formed of cheap material, but here is one which means something.

GEOLOGY AND REVELATION.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—In one of your papers I saw an article entitled, Geology and Revelation. It is not my purpose to speak of any of the theories there presented, though some of its hypothesis I deem to be false, or at best needless. I wish rather to commend to the notice of your readers, and especially, to my brethren in the ministry, a recent work by Edward Hitchcock, President of Amherst College, entitled the *Religion of Geology*. It consists of fourteen lectures which the author has delivered to his several college classes, and in various places before lyceums. The titles of these are, Revelation illustrated by Science, The Epoch of the Earth's Creation Unrevealed, Death a universal law of Organic Beings on this Globe from the beginning, The Noachian Deluge compared with the Geological Deluges, The World's supposed Eternity, Geological proofs of the Divine Benevolence, Divine Benevolence as exhibited in a fallen world, Unity of the Divine plan and operation in all ages of the world's History, the Hypothesis of Creation by Law, Special and miraculous Providence, The future Condition and Destiny of the Earth, The Telegraphic System of the Universe, The vast plans of Jehovah, and scientific truth rightly applied is religious truth. These merely indicate the general scope of the lectures. The variety of important subjects discussed and the learning, candor and satisfactoriness with which they are treated can only be learned by a perusal of the work itself. Its learned author is well known as a sound theologian, a sincere Christian, a patient, original thinker, and an earnest seeker and lover of truth. I have carefully read nearly all the lectures, and their perusal has been attended with interest and profit. It is just the book for the times. It is just such a help as those who are *now* set for the defence of the gospel need. It is a book which, unlike many a popular work of the day, cannot be exhausted with one reading. It can be obtained for one dollar, and we may safely affirm that no minister or intelligent layman will regret its purchase or perusal. D. B. F.

Canton.

MORE CONSECRATION.—One of the preachers at the late anniversary of the Saratoga Association, N. Y., uttered a plea for more religious consecration among Christians. A correspondent of the New York Recorder, in reporting the sermon, says:

"He impressed upon ministers, as well as others, the necessity and practicability of far higher attainments in the divine life, and far greater measures of divine influence, in breathing thoughts and burning words, which we hope awoke responsive feelings in many a breast. It is high time that the duty and blessedness of asking for and enjoying all attainable sanctification were brought home, and 'in the conscience heard and felt.' The too prevalent notion, that the cream of the Gospel, the richer portions and promises of the New Testament, belong to a few primitive saints, while the whey and more vague promises belong to us, should be exploded. Is it reasonable? Is it analogous? As the Church of Jesus is led on by the unseen hand of her Master, through the land of Beulah and over the Delectable Mountains, while the New Jerusalem heaves in view, do the practical blessings of the gospel grow richer or poorer? Is the path of the just, one which shineth more and more, or less and less, unto the perfect day? 'Would God' that some Luther might be raised up from our churches, who, like the angel in Revelation, having the everlasting gospel to preach, might fly from one end of the earth to the other, dispel the mist and fog which hang around the subject of entire consecration to God, and rouse the members and ministers of our churches to realize, to know and appropriate the 'exceeding great and precious promises' of God, by which 'we become,' in the awful language of Peter, 'partakers in the divine nature,' and 'escape the corruption that is in the world through lust.' Then should we have more revivals, more ministers, pastors, and missionaries; better ministers and churches, more power with God and man; then shall we be able to say with more emphasis, 'Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place.' It is a great subject; may God commend it to every Christian's heart and conscience!"

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

REVIVAL INTELLIGENCE.

A CORRESPONDENT at Ann Arbor, Mich., writes to us under a late date: "You will, perhaps, be pleased to learn that the Baptist church in this place has during the past spring, enjoyed a refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The good seed that has been sown by our faithful, and beloved pastor, Rev. S. Graves, with whose labors the church has been blessed for the past two years, has not been in vain; but with the blessing of God, has brought forth a rich harvest. A series of meetings was commenced in the early part of April. Truth was presented in a plain, powerful manner, by Rev. Mr. Edwards, who came to our assistance, soon after closing his labors with the church in Detroit, during the revival there; and who preached to us nearly every evening for five weeks, besides the usual services on the Sabbath. God's Spirit was poured out; sinners were converted; and although the work was not as general and extensive as we could wish, yet we can rejoice in what has been done. Seventy have been baptized, and added to the church since the meetings were commenced, and some few have indulged hope and united with other churches." G. W.

BRENTWOOD, N. H.—Rev. J. H. Lerned writes from Brentwood, N. H., as follows: We have had a precious revival in this place. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Seventeen have been baptized since the work commenced, and others will soon follow.

At Bennington, and Atkinson, N. H., revivals are reported.

TAVOY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The Sixteenth Annual Report of the Tavoy Baptist Missionary Society, read at the annual meeting, Oct. 23d, 1850, has been issued. It presents a history of the present condition of the Tavoy Mission, in regard to the churches, schools, and missionary society, together with a list of the publications that have been issued from the Tavoy press. These amount to about sixty different publications, varying in size from a 32mo. to a quarto; some of which have passed through four editions. Books have been printed in the Karen, Pwo, Burmese, and English languages. The statistics for 1850, show that 9 have been restored, 24 baptized, 1 dismissed, 13 died, and a total of 825 members, fifteen schools, and 13 assistants. The subscriptions and donations to the missionary society for the year, amount to

THE RULING PASSION.

Shirley's death reminded me of a sad close of the life of a literary person, Sara Stevenson by name, in the neighboring county of Cumberland. He lived in a cottage by himself, though a man of some landed estate. His cottage, from want of care on his part, took fire in the night. The neighbors were alarmed; they ran to his rescue; he escaped, dreadfully burned, from the flames, and lay down (he was in his seventieth year) much exhausted under a tree, a few yards from the door. His friends, in the meanwhile, endeavored to save what they could of his property from the flames. He inquired most anxiously after a box in which his manuscripts and published pieces had been deposited with a view to a publication of a laboriously corrected edition; and, upon being told that the box was consumed, he expired in a few minutes, saying, or rather sighing out the words, "Then I do not wish to live." Poor man! though the circulation of his works had not extended beyond a circle of fifty miles diameter, perhaps, at farthest, he was most anxious to survive in the memory of the few who were likely to hear of him.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

(In a letter to Professor Reed.)

I took the journey to London solely to pay my respects to the Queen, upon my appointment to the Laureateship upon the decease of my friend Mr. Southey. The weather was very cold, and I caught an inflammation in one of my nerves, which rendered my visit to the south very uncomfortable. I nevertheless did, in respect to the object of my journey, all that was required. The reception given me by the Queen at her ball was most gracious. Mrs. Tweedie, the wife of your minister, was present, and can bear witness to it, with your knowing who I was. It moved her to the shedding of tears. This effect was in part produced, I suppose, by American habits of feeling, as pertaining to a republican government. I saw a great deal of the nobility of seventy-five years of age, kneeling down in a large assembly to kiss the hand of a young woman, is a sight for which institutions essentially democratic do not prepare a spectator of either sex, and must naturally place the opinion upon which a republic is founded, and the sentiments which support it, in strong contrast with a government based and upheld as ours is. I am not, therefore, surprised that Mrs. Everett was moved, as she herself described to persons of my acquaintance, among others to Mr. Rogers the poet.

We conclude our notice of the volume with an extract from the biography. As was stated in a previous notice, Wordsworth's life is written in his works. The author's design was to illustrate these works by personal and local information, rather than by sketches of the poet's character. As, however, he brings the volume to a close, he ventures upon a few observations. The daily life of Wordsworth at Rydal was of a regular and uniform kind.

In 1847, the period of my last visit, the course was as follows:—The hour at which the family assembled in the morning was eight. The day began with prayers, as it ended. The former were then compiled from the English and American liturgies, by Dr. Hook. An intercessory prayer was used for Mrs. Wordsworth, who was disabled by sickness from being present. After breakfast the lessons of the day (morning and evening) were read, and also the Psalms. Dinner was at two. The final meal was at seven or eight.

The interval between these meals were filled by walking, writing, reading, and conversation.

It would be superfluous to say to any who are acquainted with Mr. Wordsworth's poems that his dominant feeling was love. What he gave to others, and what he most desired for himself, was love. "Love to me your love, I crave no other thing." This feeling was indeed inexpressibly tender towards those of his own family and friends. It took possession of his whole soul, and was reciprocated.

His kindness to his servants was very remarkable. The last time he was in Westminster Abbey was when he visited the tomb of one of them, who had accompanied him in his journeys from Rydal to Italy. He never lost sight of one of his servants who had been very ill and died.

Our anxieties are over, and our sorrow is not without heavenly, I may say, heavenly consolation. Dear, and good, and faithful, and diligent Jane breathed her last about twelve o'clock this morning. She had been for at least two years a much feebler woman than she had been before. She said to him, "I cannot stand now, but he gave us no reason to believe her end was so very near. You shall hear all particulars when we are permitted to meet, which, God grant, may be soon. Nothing would be more welcome to me.

Yesterday, Mary read to me in my presence some chapters from the New Testament, and her daughters were as clear as any voice in perfect health, and so they have ever been to me.

It can be said to be that, that with so much love for others in lower stations, he lived in humble spirit.

This was particularly the case in his family life. His tenderness to the Queen herself,—and we were the guests of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort,—before he knew the sublime qualities of mind and excellence, nevertheless, and he loved them unfeignedly, especially in their domestic relations, for their possession of the vanity which belongs to the highest and the lowest, and which is the gift of its powers and acknowledgments, irrespective of a higher and better world.

"Heaven and earth will pass away, but my words shall not pass away."
"The sure word of prophecy."
"The sure word of prophecy."
"Unshakable as the eternal hills."
"Unshakable as the eternal hills."
"Unshakable as the eternal hills

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Watchman and Reflector.

A RAMBLE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

We arrived in the town of Niagara about seven o'clock in the morning, and proceeded immediately to the Falls, which are but a short distance in the rear of the Cataract and Eagle Hotels. The first object which attracted our particular attention was

THE GREAT RAPIDS,

Across which there is a fine bridge to Bath Island. On passing over the bridge, on either hand, as far as the eye can reach, is seen the wild and foaming torrent, which, as it rushes downward in its course to the Falls, is broken into numberless cascades and sweeping billows. One is struck with amazement at the terrific sight, feeling as if the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and rushing beneath his feet. For a long time we remained beholding the strange prospect before us, and already felt repaid for our journey to the Falls.

Passing over the bridge, Iris (or Goat) Island is reached, which is covered with handsome forest trees, and under their shade are three wide and well trodden walks. By taking the path to the right, we soon come upon a point of land which projects over a precipice 170 feet high, and is on the very verge of

THE CRESCENT FALL.

This is the narrowest of the Falls, being only 100 feet around, but is 164 feet high. The water, as it rushes over, is thrown out 30 or 40 feet, forming the front part of " the Cave of the Winds." By crossing a small foot-bridge over the rapids of this Fall, a rod or two from the pinch, we come upon Prospect Island, a short walk on which brings you to

THE AMERICAN FALL.

This Fall is nine hundred and sixty feet around, and one hundred and sixty-four in height. A good view can be had of this cataract by standing on a projecting point at its side, where the mighty waters fearfully rush over within a step or two of your feet. A short distance from these Falls is

THE BIDDLE STAIRCASE.

The stairs, which are inclosed, are of a spiral form, 80 feet high. At the bottom of these there are two pathways, both of which run along the side, and sometimes underneath, a ledge of black, broken rocks, of an altitude of 100 feet. The pathway is along the top of a rocky bank, 80 feet high, which slopes down to the water's edge, and is covered with stones that have fallen from above. In one direction a person can walk till prevented by the heavy "rain" of the Horseshoe Falls. The other path terminates at

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

This cavern presents a wonderful scene. It is 120 feet wide, 30 deep, has a noble arch hanging overhead 80 feet high, and a sheet of water rolling in front. In going under this sheet in the afternoon, when the sun is shining, a beautiful circular rainbow is visible.

"Here a vast arch, the cavity so wide,
Scarce can the eye extend from side to side.
High o'er the roof alternate echoes wave,
And sound in distant thunders through the cave."

Having ascended the stairway, and followed along the lofty bank which every where, at the side of the river, is nearly 200 feet high, we come to

THE HORSESHOE FALLS.

These Falls present three peculiar and distinct aspects as to their form. From one position their form is that of a horseshoe; from another, they have a triangular formation; and from a third position they present three sides of a hollow square. The centre of the Fall is of a beautiful green color, and the water there is supposed to be much deeper than in other parts. From the Prospect Tower, which is near the cataract, there is a fine view of the Falls. In front of this tower, and projecting over the precipice, where the torrent pours down on each side, there is a large rock, on which we were enabled to sit by first crossing the rapid stream on a timber. Here we had a charming view on one side, as far as the eye could reach, of the foaming, rushing rapids, and on the other, of the deep, broad chasm, of the falling water, —which, in its descent, becomes white as milk, and as it heavily tumbles into the abyss below, throws up, in a circling form, a snow white spray 75 feet high,—of the rainbow in the gulf, and of the towers of spray, which ascend scores of feet above the Falls, the summits mingling with the clouds, or disappearing in the distance. The prospect, together with the constant, heavy thunders of the cataracts, was surpassingly grand and magnificent. As we were about returning to the shore,

AN INCIDENT

Occurred that, for a moment, was somewhat startling. A lady and gentleman, deeply excited by the wild scene before them, ventured to walk across a timber to a rock near us, when both suddenly fell into the rapid stream within a rod of the Fall. But, fortunately, a timber laid between them and the precipice, and the water on the rock was but two or three feet deep. The alarm of the spectators soon subsided, for with a helping hand we had the pleasure of aiding them to escape from the rapid stream to a safer place. Had they lost their footing, the current might have carried them beneath the timber, over the cataract, and into the fathomless depths below.

The Horseshoe Fall is 2100 feet in circumference, and 160 high. It has been computed that 5,084,089,280 barrels of water pass over the Falls in 24 hours; 211,836,553 in an hour; 3,530,611 in a minute; and 58,843 barrels in a second. Yet so deep is the water in the chasm,—about 250 feet,—that two rods from where the water plunges, the river is of a greenish color, and hardly a swell is perceived for two miles, when extensive rapids commence, and continue for miles. An engineer of reputation communicated to Silliman's Journal an estimate of the hydraulic power of Niagara Falls, based on actual measurement; and the result shows that the power is equal to that of 4,333,334 horses, or nineteen times greater than the whole motive power of Great Britain. By every

VIEW OF THE FALLS

Which can be taken, they appear beautifully sublime. But to get an idea of their awful grandeur, one should visit them alone. Then, the fearful roar of the cataracts, resounding through the quiet groves, the lofty, dangerous banks on every hand, the resistless rapids, with their surging waves, dashing over one another, breaking into white caps and spray, and in another moment making a fearful plunge into the gulf below, strikes the mind with awe, so that one instinctively shrinks away as from a dangerous position, and dreads even to think of the projecting banks and rocks on which he had walked and sat, of the rushing current he had dallied with, and the mountainous rocks which had been his canopy, while cheerful voices, and resounding laughs, and ever gentle admonitions, had unintentionally encouraged him into danger. One's whole demeanor, while alone, is wonderfully changed. He is struck with awe, and feels that "there is but a step between him and death." He thinks of the power of God, who "holds the waters in his fists," of "the Lord on high, who is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea."

RAILROAD AND FERRY.

Just below the Falls there is a Ferry, which is provided with open barges. The crossing to the Canada side can be accomplished in ten minutes. The landing place at the bottom of the bank is reached by a flight of covered steps, 230 in number, or by a parallel inclined plane, 360 feet long, on which cars are moved by stationary water power. We seated ourselves in the car, and were slowly let down to the water's edge. Some persons are so fearful of trusting their lives to a rope 460 feet long and 2 1-2 inches thick, that they prefer to descend by the broome stairway.

One of the most agreeable excursions that we made, was up the Niagara river to the Falls, in the little steamer,

"MAID OF THE MIST."

For the accommodation of passengers, a horse-car passes the hotels on the main street, fifteen minutes in advance of boat time, for the steamboat landing, near the Suspension Bridge. The steamer passes nearly two miles through the Gulf of Niagara, giving sublime views which cannot otherwise be had. On each side, near by, are rugged, mountainous banks, and spanning the dark water, 230 feet high, is the fragile looking wire bridge. In the Canada bank, at the right, half way to the Falls, is seen the entrance of Bender's Cave. This cave is 24 feet deep, 12 wide, and 6 feet high. A little further up, on the American side, is Catlin's Cave, which extends in 30 feet. There are large quantities of petrified moss in this cave, and the walls of it are covered with a glazed, stony substance, of bluish-white appearance. By Mr. J. D. Hamlin, the gentlemanly superintendent of the steamer, we were presented with some fine specimens of these substances.

Before arriving at the American Fall, on our left, (which, by the way, we noticed made a plunge down among huge rocks, a little one side of the river,) those of us who remained on deck threw over ourselves India rubber cloaks and hoods, and were thus prepared for the bath we received while passing through the thick spray. For several minutes, when in front of the Fall, it seemed as if we were visited by an unparalleled shower of rain; but a moment more found us in a clear, open space, within a short distance of the Horseshoe Falls. Here the view was wonderfully grand. The steamer swept round close to the immense cataract, and in turning, a view of the rainbow from the stern of the boat was presented. All who visit the Falls will do well to make this safe and pleasant excursion.

After becoming familiar with the objects of interest on the American side, we engaged a carriage, our driver acting as a guide, and proceeded to the most noted places on the Canada side of the river. On the way we passed over

THE WIRE SUSPENSION BRIDGE,

Which connects the two shores a mile and a half below the Falls. On each bank of the river there are two massive towers, from the tops of which, spanning the deepest river in the world, there are four cables, two inches through, made of strands of No. 10 wire. From these cables the bridge is suspended by iron rods, a quarter of an inch thick, made of five strands of No. 10 wire, twisted together, and placed about three feet apart. The total length of this bridge is 759 feet; the height of it above the water, 230 feet; height of towers, 55 feet; deflection of cable, 45 feet; weight of wire in the bridge, 35 tons; weight of flooring, 40 tons; total suspended weight, 75 tons; number of wires (No. 10) in the bridge, 1,767. The water under the bridge is 250 feet deep. The scenery from the centre of the bridge is beautiful, as the cataract is in full view. This gossamer bridge, (as it looks to be,) it is said, is capable of sustaining 250 tons' weight. Some of our company were unwilling to ride in the carriage, and consequently followed at a considerable distance behind. To the *right*, the bridge is a very fragile affair; but by *fixing* in it, one is enabled to ride over with cheerfulness. From the bridge we drove to

THE WHIRLPOOL.

On arriving at the "Lodge," a toll of 25 cents is paid for entering the ground. (A similar charge is made at almost every place of note at the Falls, but our advice is, let no trifling charges prevent one from visiting objects of interest.) Before coming in sight of the river, the road enters a bower of forest trees for a short distance. On the lofty and steep banks of the river, at the suggestion of "the Doctor," we amused ourselves by trying to throw stones into the water. Inexperienced persons would be positive that they could toss stones into the stream from the apparently perpendicular bank on which they stood. But on making the attempt, they would see the stones, which they were at first encouraged to believe would pass far into the water, commence falling nearer the bank, and at last settle, to appearance, almost beneath their feet.

At the Whirlpool the river makes an abrupt bend, and the force of the current has worn out a large basin, in which the water constantly revolves, and where the remains of whatever passes over the Falls are drawn, and move round and round for a great length of time before finding their way down the stream.

We descended with some difficulty the high bank, by a pathway where there are some remnants of wooden steps. The bank down which we wound our way, was covered with large trees and shrubbery, that protected us from a scorching sun. At the bottom of the bank there are large granite rocks, on which we skipped from one to another, till enabled to lave our hands in the water which dashed upon our feet. In standing here, the contraction of the channel, the lofty, approaching banks, and the powerful, resistless rapids, on which an attempt to sail would be perilous, fill one with admiration. On ascending the bank, it was ascertained that the number of steps necessary to be taken was 450. C.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Oh! deem not they are blest alone,
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hearts shall beat with pain
And joyousness of happy years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who mourn for the friend's love her
Soothed and relieved the fainting frame,
Hear that a happier world than ours
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gift deny,
Though pierced and broken be his heart,
And spurned of men be spent his day.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every tear that flows;
And those who weep shall be repaid
For all its children suffer here.

THE STATE AND STATESMANSHIP.

This is the title of an excellent article by the Rev. Dr. Dewey, in the number just issued of the Christian Examiner. The *fact* contained in the extract below, will apply to some legislative bodies we wot of less exalted than the embodied wisdom of the nation at Washington.

Three years ago, the writer of this article passed a winter in Washington. He attended the debates of the House day after day; perhaps he would never have known what they were but for that actual inspection. He heard men, for the first time in his life, making speeches to nobody, and for nothing; for nothing, that is to say, that concerned the business of that assembly. It is a literal fact, that often, not five persons, sometimes not one person, apparently, in that whole house, was paying any attention to the speaker. Why should they? Speeches, of course there were exceptions—but four times out of five the speech was a sort of caucus declamation, the substance of which had already been said over and over again twenty or thirty times, and was not intended for the enlightenment of any body there present. Thus the session was wearing away. One evening, near the close of it, the writer was surprised by a visit from a Committee of Inventors assembled at Washington to obtain the passage of a patent law, who came to ask him if he would deliver a lecture "on the claims of inventive art," the next evening, in the Hall of the House of Representatives. They thought it would be of service to their cause thus to invite the public attention to it, and the time was pressing. He was obliged to answer, that it was impossible for him, on such short notice, to do a thing so entirely out of his way; and, indeed, he may say without any affected humility, that their application to him was proof enough how humble was their means of influence. A Whig Committee, or a Democratic Committee, or a Committee on the Tariff, would have been in no such friendless predicament. However, they interested him so much, that he told them he would do all he could do; he would spend the next day in going round and speaking with the members whom he knew. Accordingly, he was *guilty* for once of becoming a "lobby member." He went to the Speaker, and to the most influential members of the House. They all said they had no particular objection to the bill before them; it *did* require more thorough discussion; it was a difficult subject to deal with; but the great discouragement *now* was want of time, they feared it could not be properly got before them, but if it did come up, they promised to vote for it. It did come up, it passed the House, and the next day, the last of the session, it was lost in the Senate by the merest chicanery. And thus an important measure, involving the welfare of many meritorious and worthy men, was whistled down the wind on the breath of idle debate. He saw the result with pain and indignation, and then resolved that, in some form or other, he would make his protest against the crying injustice of turning the house of our supreme legislature into a canvassing hall.

A GENTLEMAN.—At an entertainment on board the American steamer Lafayette, last week, Captain Stoddart, the commander, in acknowledging a toast, said, "I will relate a little incident, which will serve to show that a prejudice could have existed in my mind against Englishmen, it is now done away with. I was coming from Paris the other day, and had three young ladies with me. According to my calculations, I could get to Liverpool with the money I had in my pocket, but when in London I found I had made a mistake of £5. It would have put me to great inconvenience to remain, but there was not a person I knew at the station, and so I told the directress I must take my luggage off, because I had not money enough to pay my fare. Soon afterwards I saw a gentlemanly-looking man standing in the office, and presuming he was a passenger going to Liverpool, I put the question to him. 'Sir,' he said; 'but can I do any thing for you? I told him I was short of £5 to pay my fare, and he put his hand in his pocket and gave me the money. He gave me his card: his name is Mr. G. W. Thompson, Gloucester-square, Hyde Park Gardens, London. It was a satisfaction to find such a man living. It was worth more than £5,000 to me; and gentlemen, I propose the health of Mr. G. W. Thompson, of London."

TWO WAYS OF DRIVING.

THE "Editor's Table" in the Knickerbocker is generally the most *taking* department of that popular periodical. In the July number, we find the following amusing anecdote:

"Many readers will remember Mrs. Kirkland's anecdote in her '*New Home*,' of the Michigan stage-driver, who 'drew rein' in a violent autumn-storm at the gate of one of the far-scattered cabins of a western forest, into which he ran, leaving his passengers, a burly Englishman and two querulous 'stuck up' daughters, to follow him, as best they might. The doughty John Bull came in after him, leading his daughters, with rueful faces and sadly-bedraggled skirts, all three looking grouty and glum enough. 'I say,' said the Englishman to the driver, who had ensconced himself in a warm and cozy seat by the fire, 'I say, that luggage ought to be brought in, ye know.'

'Wal, *I* should think so, few. It was mine, *I* should bring it in, any how. T'may get spilled.'

'Well, fellow, why *don't* you bring it in?'

'Why don't *I bring it in?*' said the other slowly, and with an unmistakable sneer; 'why, I aint your servant, *be* I? Guess *not*—that's a berry that don't grow on the bushes about these diggins. I *drive* you to Squire, and I don't do nothin' else.'

This incident came to mind a few moments ago, on hearing it told and relished by the following anecdote. He said, that soon after the revolutionary war, a brave Yankee officer, a former captain in the service, happened to be at St. Petersburgh, in Russia, and while there was invited to dine at the table of a distinguished merchant. There was a large number of guests at the table, and among the rest an English lady, who was anxious to appear as one of the 'knowing ones.' On understanding that an American was sitting near her, she expressed to one of her friends a determination to quiz him.

She fastened upon him like a tigress, making numerous inquiries touching our habits, customs, dress, manners, mode of life, education, amusements, etc. To all these queries the officer gave courteous answers, which seemed to satisfy all the company, with the exception of the lady herself. She was determined *not* to be satisfied, and went on.

'Have the rich people in your country any carriages?—for I suppose there are *some* who call themselves rich.'

'My residence,' replied the captain, 'is in a small town upon an island, where there are but few carriages kept, but in the larger towns and cities on the main land there are quite a number maintained, suited to our republican manners.'

Indeed replied his fair questioner, in a tone that was both interrogative and exclamatory; 'I can't fancy where you find coachmen; I shouldn't think the Americans knew *how* to drive a coach?'

'We find no difficulty on *that* account Madam,' calmly rejoined the captain; 'we can have plenty of drivers by sending to England for them.'

'To England!' exclaimed the lady, speaking very quickly; 'I think the Americans ought to drive the English, instead of the English driving the Americans.'

'We *did*, Madam, in the late war,' rejoined the officer; 'but since the peace, we have permitted the English to drive us.'

There was no more 'quizzing' of the American during the dinner. He waited in vain for the next question.

A BREAKFAST IN SAVOY.

HORACE GREELEY, in a jumping account of his ride in a *diligence* from Lyons across the lower Alps to Turin, has a morceau about *Chambery*, the capitol of ancient Savoy, where he was allowed twenty-five minutes for breakfast.

"There was enough and good enough to eat, and (as usual throughout all this region) wine in abundance was there, charge, but tea, coffee or chocolate must be ordered and paid for extra. Even so, I was unable to obtain a cup of chocolate, the excuse being that there was not time to make it. I did not understand, therefore, why I was charged more than others for breakfast, but talk English against French or Italian is to get a mile behind in no time, so I pocketed the change offered me and came away. On the coach, however, with an Englishman near me who had traveled this way before and spoke French and Italian, I ventured to expose my ignorance as follows:

"Neighbor, why was I charged three francs for breakfast, and the rest you but two and a half?"

"Don't know—perhaps you had tea or coffee."

"No, Sir—didn't drink either."

"Then perhaps you washed your face and hands."

"Well, it would be just like me."

"O, then, that's it." The half franc was for the basin and towel."

"Ah, *sou, sou*."—So the milk in that cocoa-nut was accounted for.

NEWSPAPERS.

JUDGE LONGSTREET says: "Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and most amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes, it is next to impossible to fill a sheet fifty-two times a year, without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is off to school should be supplied with a newspaper. I well remember what a difference there was between those of my schoolmasters who had, and those who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last. The reason is plain—they had command of more facts. A newspaper is a history of current events, as well as a curious and interesting miscellany, and which youth will peruse with delight when they read nothing else."

A FATHERLY TURKEY.—The *Providence Post* tells the following story: "There is on the farm of Mr. Paris Matthewson, in Johnston, a male turkey, who has, the present season, sat upon 21 eggs, and hatched 18 of them, having driven his better half from the nest, taken upon himself all the female cares of domestic life, and spurned all interference from the gentler sex. This isn't all. When the turkey-hip got his own brood out of the shell, he found that some of the women folks in the old flock had also been at work, and that there were in all sixty-seven young turkeys to be taken care of. All these he has taken care of, and is now a sort of lord mayor of the whole tribe, and knocks down all the interfering old ladies that come into his presence. He is a queer fellow, and a good one into the bargain."

AGRICULTURAL.

For the Watchman and Reflector.

WINTER WHEAT.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Permit me to offer your readers some thoughts on *Winter Wheat*, and also upon seed, early thrashed for this autumnal sowing. Winter killing, Weavel and Rust, (for weak straw and blight) have discouraged most of our farmers in past years, from trying to raise it. Some have never given up experiments on different soils, and with manures and remedies, with different varieties, and by chemical analysis, have made valuable discoveries. Prof. Mapes, editor of "The Working Farmer," has done much to inform, to disabuse, and to encourage the yeomanry in his neighborhood, and has by his chemical skill, and model farm, demonstrated facts, which were esteemed doubtful theories. Our Andover farmers are doing (by words and deeds) a good service for us, by raising and recommending the culture of this best kind of grain. Farmer's clubs are, in no small degree, furthering this interest, by contriving to bring intelligence, information, and facts, to view, in aid of *this* and other crops. Believing that we can raise wheat, I have tried *rolling* in spring, to replace plants thrown out by frost, thus saving the life of many, and have found it succeed. Thorough washing and steeping has counteracted *Weavel* and Sungus, but it is done more *effectually*, by procuring seed of wheat *never affected* by this disease or by the vermin, and by supplying to the soil what is wanting to make strong bright straw. I have been gratified and paid for my labor. I have now growing four acres of the most promising wheat I have ever raised. Many neighbors and gentlemen have viewed it, and spoken for some of the seed. One said: "I have travelled over the Western country, and I have never seen it surpassed." Another after counting the heads of several bunches from a single kernel, said: "It is remarkably productive." I obtained the seed from a choice sample (I don't know the name) which yielded me last year over six bushels from one-fourth of an acre. Not a straw to my knowledge has suffered from Rust or Weavil. I sowed an acre on light soil after cutting up my corn, last fall, and one of Rye side by side, both are very fair now, and *equally* promising to ripen well.

TO KEEP MOTHS FROM BEE-HIVES.—Pound a handful of peach leaves, salt them well and strew them over the bench under the hive. In two or three days repeat the operation. The flavor of peach leaves is offensive to the moths, but not to the bees.

KEEP THE PREMISES CLEAN.

EVERY cultivator should keep his premises as clean as possible, for the important purposes of saving manure and promoting health.

Some discerning persons remark that in the hot summer, while vegetation is in a flourishing condition, it is more healthy in the country than in the city, but the reverse is the case in September and October, as to find such a man living. It was worth more than $5,000 to me; and gentlemen, I propose the health of Mr. G. W. Thompson, of London."

CYTHEREAN HAIR WASH,

COMPOUND OF ROSEMARY AND CASTOR OIL,

For Beautifying, Restoring and Cleansing the Hair.

WITHOUT giving it an oily or dry appearance, as many of the Preparations now in use have a tendency to. It will give to Sandy Hair an AMBER HUE, and to all Light or Brown Hair a very DARK AND RICH appearance and color. If rubbed well into the roots of hair at night, it will afford immediate relief for the

HEADACHE.

It has been used in the same way with remarkable success to prevent the Hair from FALLING OFF, and is recommended with confidence to those troubled with this annoyance.

Put up in 25 and 75 cent Bottles,

to convince those who may wish to give it a trial with a small bottle before purchasing the larger, in which it comes much cheaper.

Prepared and sold by J. RUSSELL SPALDING, 23 Tremont Row, opposite Boston Museum.

—ALSO FOR SALE—

A splendid assortment of Pearl, Ivory, Buffalo Horn, and Shell-back HAIR BRUSHES, with a good assort'mt of common Brushes.

N. B. All orders, by Express or otherwise, will receive prompt attention, if addressed as above. 10—tf

GENERAL TWIGGS'

HAIR DYE OR COLOR RESTORER.

MOST people have probably heard of the medicinal discovery of this article by General Twiggs, of the U. S. A., but for the benefit of those who may not have heard, we give the following particulars:

The General returned from Mexico with his hair changed as black as the finest jet colored hair, when a cutaneous eruption; for the latter a physician in New York advised the

SUGAR OF LEAD—LAC SULPHUR—AND ROSE WATER.

This mixture cured the eruption, and much to his and his friends astonishment changed his hair to its original color, which it has since remained.

Its repeated use proves it to be a color restorer of White or Gray Hair, without coloring or injuring the skin. It is applied in a moment with a bit of sponge.

Prepared and sold by J. RUSSELL SPALDING, 23 Tremont Row, opposite Boston Museum, Boston.

N. B. Orders by Express will receive prompt returns. 10—tf

HAIR FALLING OFF.

HAIR TURNING LIGHT.

Headache	Dandruff
Humors	Itching
Thin Hair	Dry Hair

All of the above unpleasant diseases for such they are) are occasioned by the want of a healthy state of the scalp; and the only direct way to remedy them is to use a stimulus to this organ. For this purpose the

ROSEMARY AND CASTOR OIL

OF, CUTHEREAN HAIR WASH, OR OIL COMPOUND,

has proved to be a safe and effectual remedy. It is at the same time a beautiful preparation for *Beautifying and Softening* the hair. To all light hair it gives a *dark and rich* but not *oily* appearance.

Prepared in 25-cent bottles for trial, and the larger 75-cent bottles.

For sale at 23 Tremont Row, *opposite Boston Museum*, by the proprietor,

J. RUSSELL SPALDING.

10—

PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE,

FOR THE COMMUNION.

I HAVE received a fresh supply of this article. Specimens of the Grape, which is warranted to be an American agent now residing in Italy. This wine will make a perfect pure Wine from alloy.

I have the agency for the pure Native Wine, manufactured at Bellefountain, to Messrs. Gazzler & Flint. It is the Juice of the Native Grape, free from alloy, and is highly recommended for Communion service. Price $1 50.

Also for sale a large assortment of WEST INDIA GOODS and GROCERIES, by wholesale and retail.

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GREAT BARGAINS!

To make room for the introduction of a complete assortment of

RICH AND SPLENDID CLOTHING,

BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, VESTINGS, &c., &c.,

Of every variety and quality, comprising MANY CHOICE SELECTIONS, from which Clothing will be made to order at short notice, and entire satisfaction is guaranteed.

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Where every variety of Clothing may be found, and every facility afforded in the selection of Garments for CHILDREN and YOUTH.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

The old friends and patrons of OAK HALL in particular, and the public generally, are invited immediately with the assurance that they, one and all, shall find a complete outfit, at BARGAINS well worthy their attention.

REMEMBER OAK HALL,

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Merino, Vigonia, Worsted, Angola, Silk, Cotton, and Scotch Lambs Wool Half Hose, Shirts and Drawers, in the most approved manner.

SILK SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

Together with Merino, Buckskin, Lambs Wool, and other styles adapted to the season, at most favorable prices.

G. & Co. manufacture the celebrated Linen Collars, Neck Stocks, &c., trade, at their old stand, 107 Washington, corner of Bromfield st.

Washington street, Joy's Building, Boston. 19—

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JUST published, THE GUIDING STAR; or, THE BIBLE GOD'S MESSAGE. Designed to illustrate and defend Fixed Quota Doctrine. By Rev. Joseph Baxter. Catechism. By Mrs. Louisa Paxson Hopkins. Price Fifty Cents.

NOTICES OF THE WORK.

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"This is a most excellent little book, and into the hands of youth, whether professors or non-professors. It is written in conversation, and style, and contains much useful information, and with great simplicity, the leading evidences that the Bible contains the only message to man. Those grounded in the truths, will find it worthy of frequent perusal, and to the doubting and fault finder, of thoughtful attention, with which they need not be afraid of any arguments with which they need feel to contend.

New York Commercial.

"It is designed for youth, and is written in a plain, conversational style, being in fact a dialogue between a Christian mother and her children. But although written more especially for young persons, it will prove useful to those of a larger growth, and for the aged it is admirably adapted to inspire sound and rational belief.

Boston Bumble-bee.

"The main points in dispute between the Bible are introduced in their natural order, in a series of familiar conversations, and are presented with so much clearness and force, that they must be calculated for the understandings of the young. The book will be valuable to parents and children.

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"It will prove a valuable aid to all teachers of religious truth, and a guide to those who seek, at the fountain head, a knowledge of the doctrines of the Bible.

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PLYMOUTH AND THE PILGRIMS;

OR,

INCIDENTS OF ADVENTURE IN THE HISTORY OF THE FIRST SETTLERS. With Illustrations. By Rev Joseph Banvard. 18mo, cloth. Price 50 cents.

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CHURCH BELLS!

CHURCH, FACTORY, AND STEAMBOAT BELLS.

CONSTANTLY on hand and for sale, Bells of every description, movable arms, are attached to these Bells, so that they may be sounded by the ringer from resting on the Bell. Every Bell warranted. Also, the clapper from resting on the Bell. Every Bell warranted. Also, the clapper from resting on the Bell. Every Bell warranted. Also, the clapper